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JUNE 28, 1985

Mona Charen on
ick-Fix Humanitarianism

NATIONAL REVIEW

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TEADY EDDIE'S AYS ARE UMBERED AS PLAYBOY FARMER

T. F. Leonard

DON'T BLAME THE FARMERS

Henry Hyde

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

John Simon • Marvin Alisky • Michael Novak
Jeffrey Meyers • David Brooks

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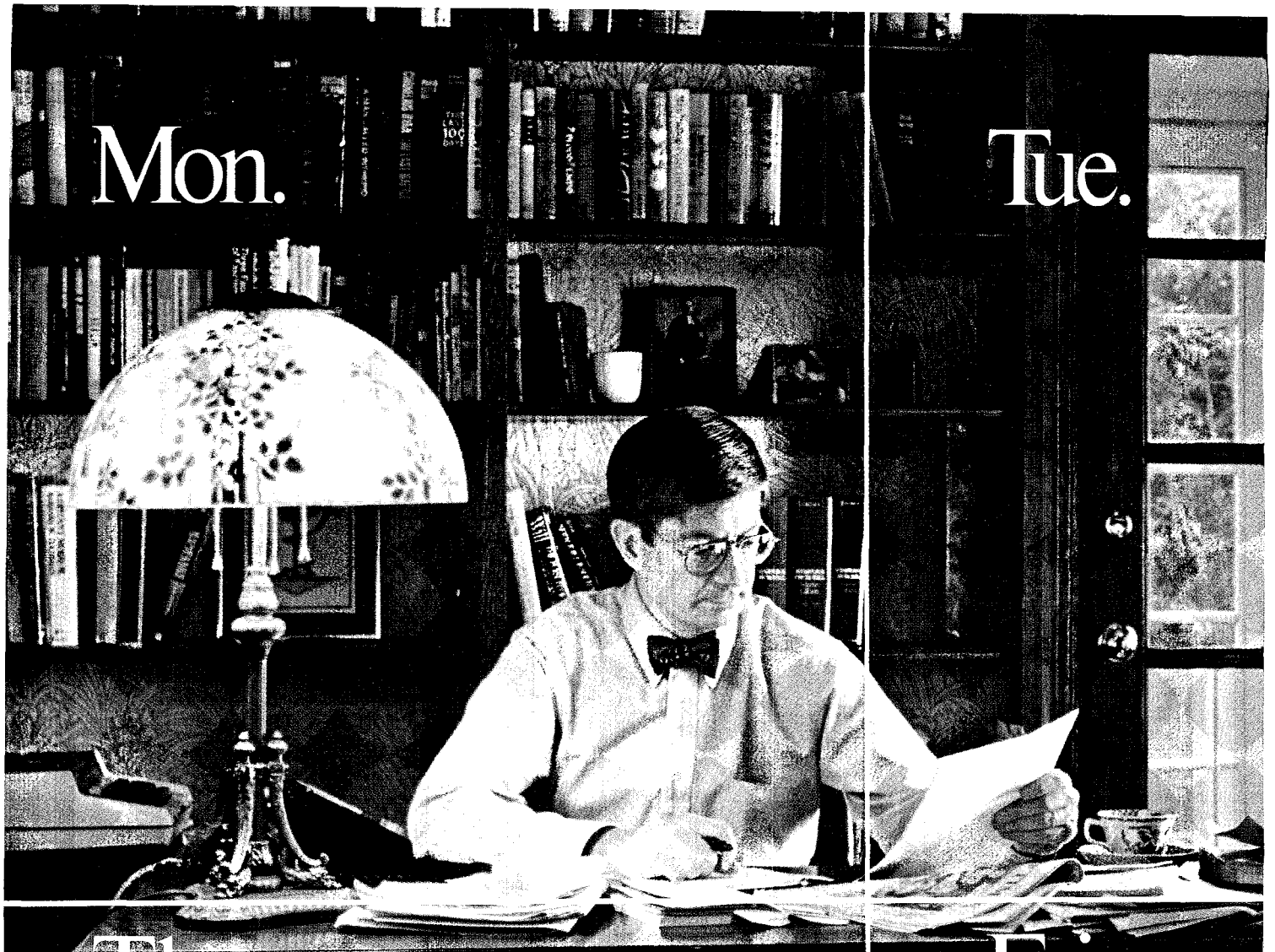

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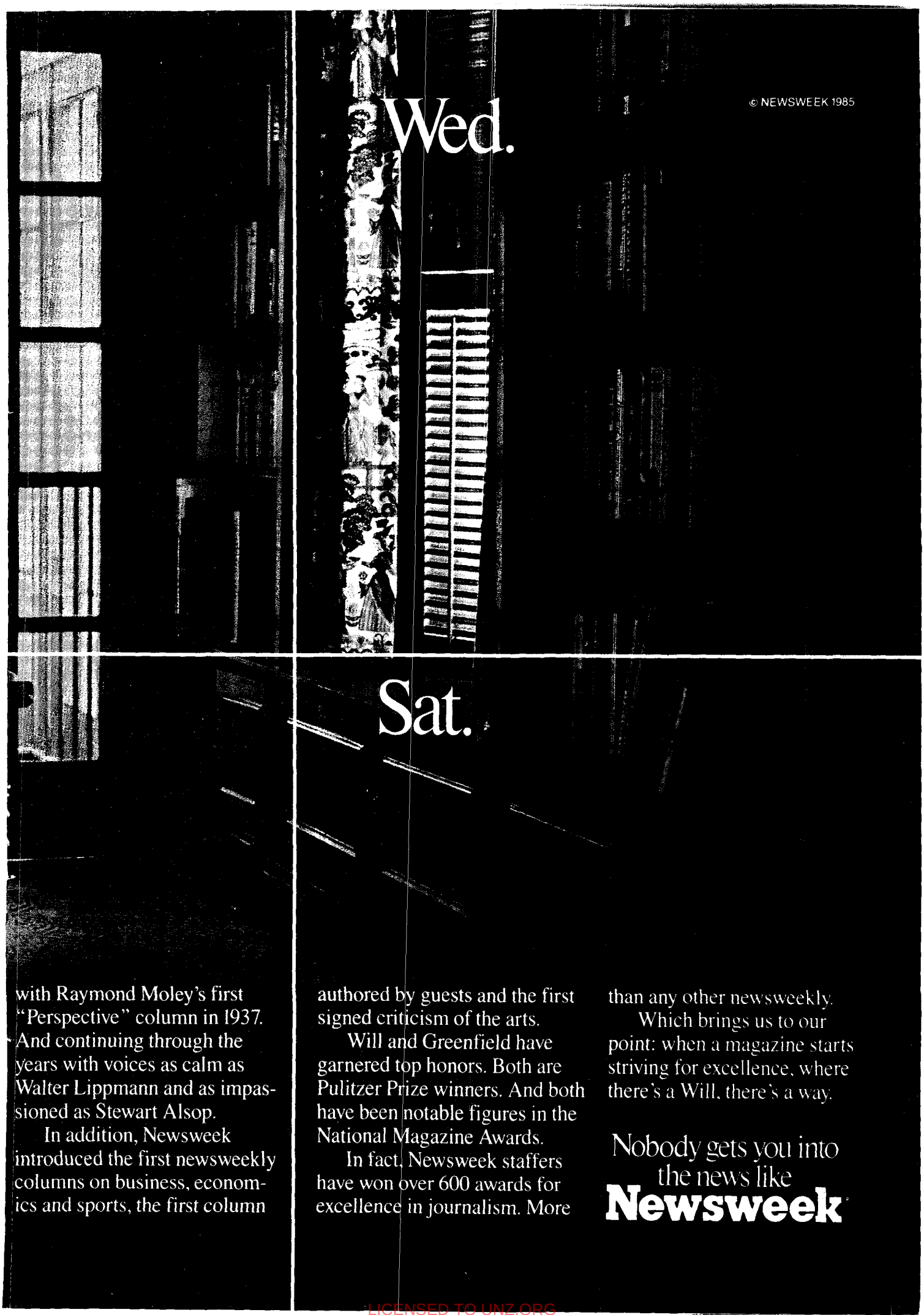

with Raymond Moley's first "Perspective" column in 1937. And continuing through the years with voices as calm as Walter Lippmann and as impassioned as Stewart Alsop.

In addition, Newsweek introduced the first newsweekly columns on business, economics and sports, the first column authored by guests and the first signed criticism of the arts.

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Nobody gets you into the news like **Newsweek**

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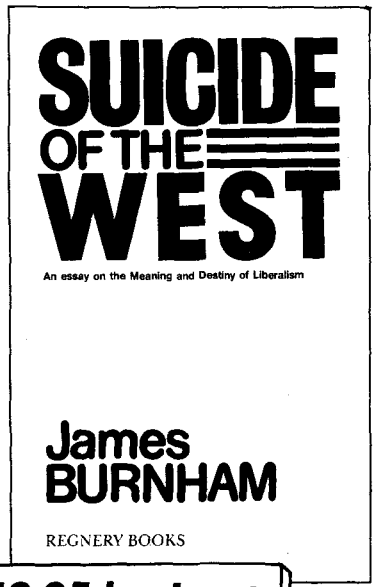

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LETTERS

Fun-House Mirror

Bravo, Joseph Sobran. In his review of *This War Called Peace*, by Brian Crozier, Drew Middleton, and Jeremy Murray-Brown [June 14], he reinforces my belief that the failure of the major media (his "means of mass communication") to accurately portray the butcheries of Communism has contributed to its perpetuation. Surely, if a true picture of Soviet atrocities were transmitted by our mass media, the "strong anti-Communist consensus in the West" dreamed of by Sobran and the authors of this book would materialize.

At the college I attend, students' views mirror the media's depiction of U.S.-Soviet relations. Improving ties with Moscow is a function of "stopping the arms race," as if Reagan's attempts to strengthen our forces were part of some chauvinistic competition, rather than a necessary means of protecting ourselves.

When my college decided to honor Andrei Sakharov, students demanded that the administration forgo recognizing "one Soviet dissident," and direct its attention instead to "exposing" Reagan's secret war in Central America. It is up to conservatives to compel the media to remedy their lopsided coverage of Communism (witness the recent broadcasts from Ho Chi Minh City), and render episodes like this one laughably uncharacteristic rather than routine.

Howard E. Kipling
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bitburg Post-Mortem

NR's analysis of the Bitburg controversy ["Voting on Bitburg," May 31] was a welcome relief from the emotionally turgid hyperbole provided by certain quarters of the media. With logical clarity (as usual) you pointed out the obvious—a well-intentioned, if ill-advised, act of magnanimity is being twisted into something it isn't.

Robert and Ricardo del Valle
Birmingham, Mich.

Knee-jerking is apparently not unique to liberals. In your comments on the President's visit to Bitburg, you have shown that conservative thinkers are equally subject to the whims of the reflex hammer.

Let's face it and let's admit it: The President was wrong. He is certainly no anti-Semite and is quite possibly the best friend Israel and the Jews ever had in the White House. What is more, the verbal abuse emanating from many quarters is undignified and deplorable. But why can't we conservatives agree that Mr. Reagan made a mistake? The SS, after all, represents cruelty on a scale not recently equaled, and in that context, it is the symbolism of the events at Bitburg and not the individuals buried there that matters.

Moreover, your unwillingness to speak of the Holocaust without at the same time referring to the other atrocities of the twentieth century is more than vaguely reminiscent of the techniques of the historical revisionists who would deny Jews the right to their own personal tragedy.

I cannot understand your attempt to turn this controversy into another victory for the President when it clearly represents his greatest moral, if not political, blunder. Perhaps it is just too offensive to find yourselves in agreement with the likes of Sam Donaldson and Dan Rather even on those rare occasions when they are right.

Richard J. Rosenbluth, M.D.
Englewood, N.J.

NR's piece on the Bitburg hype adds to my conviction that the chief reason the media elite can't scratch the Teflon coating they say covers the President is that they keep trying to do it with a bunch of dull tools.

After the media's diligent search of the two thousand gravestones at Bitburg, they found 49 SS graves. One must assume that the diligent TV folks picked the most senior troops they could find for display on nationwide TV, so as to make the story as convincing as possible. But some dull tool (at NBC, at least) didn't realize some of the viewers could read, and the stones clearly showed birthdates of 1922, 1923, and 1927. These kids were responsible for running the SS?

R. H. Canaday
Rochester, N.Y.

Undoleful Comments

I enjoyed reading your editorial about the budget compromise forged by Senators Dole and Domenici ["The Budget: Courage Helps a Lot," May 3]. The courage, and effectiveness, of these two

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gentlemen is proof that the legislative process does, indeed, work—when the reins of power are held by competent leaders.

As one of Senator Dole's constituents, I have always found him to be a skillful and courageous legislator. I'm proud of his many accomplishments, and frankly, I've been dismayed at *NR*'s frequent needling of him. Knowing of your mixed feelings about Dole, however, makes your editorial just that much more refreshing: It confirms my belief that conservative journalists tend to be more intellectually honest than their liberal counterparts.

Senator Dole's legislative craftsmanship has long been deserving of *NR*'s praise. Thank you for having the integrity to give credit where it's due.

Eric Yost
Kansas Senate
Topeka, Kan.

Ideological Sympathy

Fred Slimp's attempt to discredit the current movement to offer sanctuary to refugees from El Salvador ["Gimme Sanctuary," May 17] contains not a whisper of human sympathy for the trials these people must have endured to cause them to leave their homeland for a most uncertain future. Would he write a similar article if the subject were refugees from a Communist regime (say, Mr. Solzhenitsyn) instead of leftist refugees from a military dictatorship? Would NATIONAL REVIEW publish it if he did? Either we offer refuge to those who are fleeing oppression or we don't. A policy that extends only to people with whom we agree is based not on principle but on "druthers." It reminds me of Tom Lehrer's line in the song "National Brotherhood Week": "There are some people who don't love their fellow man, and I *hate* people like that."

Elizabeth Schopler
Chapel, Hill. N.C.

Sowing Trouble

John McLaughlin's column "Farm Blues" [March 22] reveals a tendency toward fuzzy thinking rarely found in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. The column points to the political repercussions of not supporting subsidized farm loans, but a little mathematics can lead us out of this morass. Using Mr. McLaughlin's own figures, 18 per cent (the ratio of farmers with loan problems) of 650,000 (the number of "yeoman tillers") is 117,000; a $4-billion bailout will mean handing out nearly $35,000 to each farmer (farm family?), assuming an even distribution, which is, of course, a bad premise. If the government has taken to handing out $35,000 a head, I would like to know where to get in line, since, as a graduate student, I am living on $530 a month. Moreover, 117,000 farmers is only about one-twentieth of 1 per cent of America's 220 million people, hardly a threat to the future of the Republican Party. The greater danger is that Republicans will become as spend-happy as their Democratic counterparts.

Lorre G. Lewis
Atlanta, Ga.

See the cover pieces in this issue, by T. F. Leonard and Representative Henry J. Hyde. —LB

Cheers & Boos

Three cheers for D. Keith Mano and his piece about Dan Rather ["The Gimlet Eye," May 17].

Now, if he could find the time to write an equally enlightening column about Sam Donaldson, he would make my day!

Mrs. E. Harold Hampton
Dahlonega, Ga.

I have no particular desire to defend Steven Scheuer; but John Greenway's review of Scheuer's book *Movies on TV: The 1985 Edition* [May 17] is misguided in various ways.

1. Greenway refers to Scheuer's recommendations of "Soviet and other Communist-nation motion pictures" that "cannot be seen except in surreptitious Greenwich Village art houses." He seems to be implying that the political content of such films will pollute the viewer. This is not the case: One can study and appreciate the *style* of such films *without* concurring with their ideas.

2. Greenway says *Potemkin* has "only one good scene." This is not accurate. *Potemkin* is masterly, in both composition and editing, from start to finish. The originality and influence of this film's style give it a definite and important place in the history of film.

3. Greenway likes Clint Eastwood and Charles Bronson films because he likes their ideas; he ignores the fact that these films are not well-made stylistically.

4. Greenway calls 1939 the "zenith" of the history of film. But the true zenith, of the history of *narrative* film at least, is the period from 1958 through 1968—during which such directors as Antonioni, Bergman, Bresson, Buñuel, Chabrol, Fellini, Godard, Malle, Resnais, and Truffaut made several of their greatest films.

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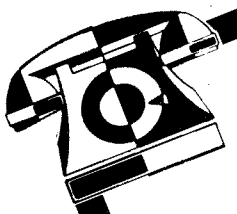

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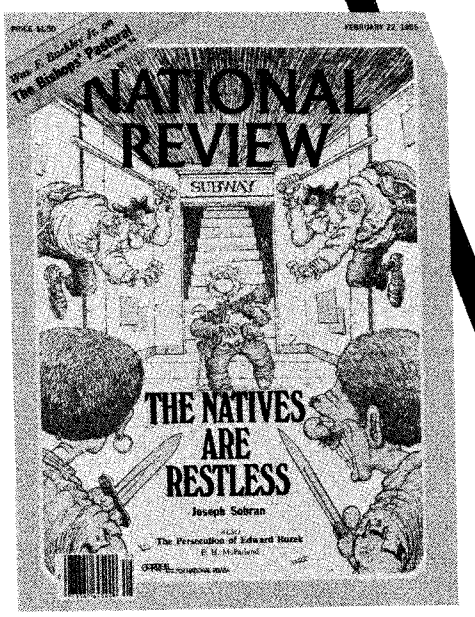

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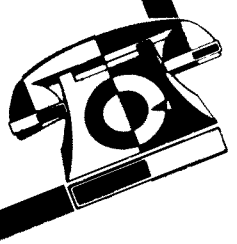

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Getting What They Want . . .

As a conservative student at a university that is currently in the throes of divestiture protest, I found the usually acutely perceptive "The Week" somewhat off the mark with regard to the recent anti-apartheid demonstrations ["Spring Break," May 17].

Although it is undoubtedly true that divestiture will result in greater black unemployment and an increasingly reactionary white electorate in South Africa, your commentary reveals only half the story in stating that "these are not the effects the lounging students would like to see."

While this analysis is accurate with regard to the liberal-Left students who engage in these exercises, it is the Marxist Left, toughened by recent demonstrations against U.S. policy in Central America, that is the organizing force behind many of the current protests. Hence, idealistic students are unfortunately utilized in the classic Leninist manner —as "useful idiots."

Those protest organizers and participants who are Marxist-Leninists do indeed desire worsening conditions for South Africa's non-whites, thereby hastening a revolution that will "liberate" South Africa from that ever-diligent foe, U.S. imperialism.

Caleb Gluck
Beverly Hills, Calif.

. . . or What They Don't

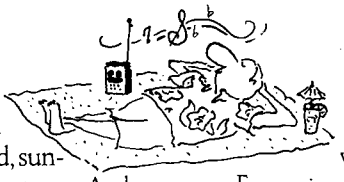
After reading Brian Crozier's column "Poison for the Young" [May 31] I came across an account of the 1955 World Youth Festival written by Neal Ascherson on his book *The Polish Augusti*:

"Then, in the summer of 1955, something unbelievable happened. The World Youth Festival was held in Warsaw. For the young, this was a moment even more marvelous than the political upheaval of the following year. With the more dutiful delegations from the 'socialist bloc,' thousands of French and Italian, Brazilian and African students and young people poured into the city. They brought with them not only the truth about living conditions in the industrial West, but their clothes, their music, their way of talking. They burst in like a relief force, after six years of total isolation from the non-Communist world. They left behind them a furious impatience for change and a determination that such isolation must never return."

Sometimes, for the tempter, temptation can be a two-edged sword.

Dra Wiersema
Columbus, Ohio

Bronze with Brahms



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FOR THE RECORD

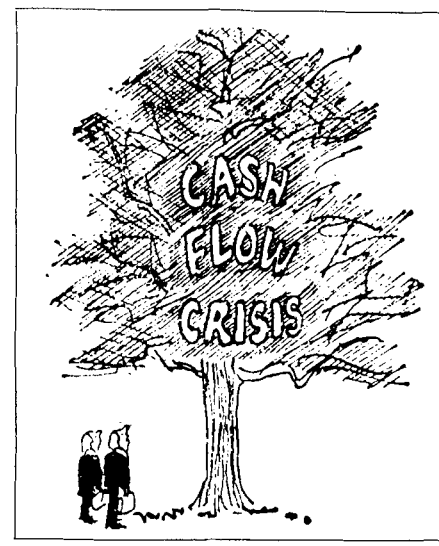
Back around Bitburg time, Democratic pollster **Peter Hart** thought **Ronald Reagan**'s dip in the polls could mean that the President was "running out of steam," that he would not be a force either in 1986 or in 1988. . . . But three weeks later, RR is back up between three (*N.Y. Times*/CBS News) and four (GOP pollster **Richard Wirthlin**) points, to 59 and 65 per cent, respectively, in approval derby. Both polls found majority of Americans thinking his tax proposals are fair. . . . Interesting sidelight in *Times* soundings: 47 per cent of those who identify themselves as liberals approve of Reagan's handling of the job; Reagan's approval rating among blacks is up to 22 per cent, from 10 per cent during first term. . . . But in Congress RR's got big foreign-relations troubles. In short order in past fortnight: 1) Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted 16 to 1 (**Jesse Helms**) for limited sanctions against South Africa—the bill was considerably watered down from earlier, very punitive version; and 2) a resolution was introduced in Senate opposing sales of sophisticated arms to Jordan unless King **Hussein** gets going on peace talks with Israel. The "Senate sticking its finger in [Hussein's] eye" strikes **George Shultz** as not a "particularly good thing for the United States to do." . . . In other major Hill battle—the confirmation of **William Bradford Reynolds** as number-three man in Justice—the big conservative guns have rolled out. Writes **George Will** in *Newsweek*: "Surely the Senate should grant all Presidents broad discretion in staffing their Administrations, absent findings of gross incompetence or moral turpitude on the part of nominees. In Reynolds's case, the opposition is purely about policy." . . . Will agrees with **James Jackson Kilpatrick** that what *Washington Post*, *New York Times*, ACLU, NAACP are trying to do is to override "the political judgment of 49 states." Says Kilpatrick: "The trouble is that Reynolds's critics . . . do not truly believe in equal rights or in an end to discrimination."

Two big contests in these off-year elections are now set in concrete. In New Jersey gubernatorial race it will be incumbent Republican **Thomas Kean** v. Essex County Executive **Peter Shapiro**, who won Democratic nomination last week in field of six. Looks good for Kean. His approval rating is 67 per cent, and recent New Jersey survey indicated half of those questioned would vote for Kean no matter whom the Democrats nominated. . . . In Virginia, where popular Democratic Gov. **Charles Robb** steps down this year, it will be Democratic state attorney general **Gerald L. Baliles** v. Republican **Wyatt Durrette**, the candidate of the **Byrd** faction of the Republican Party. Running with Durrette as lieutenant governor is **John Chichester**, who beat out **Richard Viguerie** in Viguerie's first political venture. In Durrette-Chichester camp count **George Pope**, **Jesse Jackson**'s Virginia coordinator last year, who says Democrats have taken blacks for granted too long.

Looking Ahead: Former Democratic Gov. **Edward King** of Massachusetts is now a Republican; look for him to run for governorship against Democratic incumbent **Michael Dukakis** again next year—their third encounter. Said King: "The Democratic Party has ceased to be the party of the sensible Center." . . . In California, if you remove the people who say they aren't running, the latest **Mervin Field** poll shows former Los Angeles police chief **Ed Davis** running ahead in GOP senatorial ratings with 13 per cent, to 12 for TV commentator **Bruce Herschensohn**. Others mentioned, but who say they aren't running, are **Peter Ueberroth** and **Charlton Heston**. However, Republican National Chairman **Frank Fahrenkopf** no longer thinks Sen. **Alan Cranston** is so vulnerable. His numbers, says Fahrenkopf, are going up. . . . And a couple of flyers: Conservative beer baron **Joseph Coors**'s wife, **Holly**, might be interested in running for governor of Colorado next year when Democrat **Richard Lamm** retires; and in Connecticut there's a boomlet for retiring Yale president **Bartlett Giamatti** to take on Democratic Sen. **Chris Dodd**. . . . Pennsylvania conservatives heartened at probable candidacy of **Mark Holtzman** in 11th CD.

Great Idea: Rep. **Bob Dornan** (R., Calif.) suggests East-West Berlin crossover point **Checkpoint Charlie** be renamed for Maj. **Arthur D. Nicholson Jr.** President Reagan has recommended that Nicholson be posthumously promoted. . . . **William A. Niskanen**, formerly of presidential Council of Economic Advisors, has been named chairman of libertarian Cato Institute. . . . President **John Silber** of Boston University has been nominated to Advisory Board for Radio Broadcasting to Cuba (Radio **Martí**). . . . **J. B. Matthews**'s library and files on subversion in America have been transferred from Church League of America (which has disbanded) to **Jerry Falwell**.

Nicaragua does not have censorship, they will tell you, but it has pretty steep international phone rates. It now costs $375 for a three-minute call from Managua to New York (with $170 for every additional minute). That's up from $12 for three minutes a few months back.



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph*/Rothco

"It grew from a little acorn."

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THE WEEK

☐ The family that spies together, fries together.

☐ The more we see of New York's Governor Mario Cuomo, a presumptive presidential candidate, the clearer it becomes that he has a rooted instinct for a politics of envy. Thus his principal comment on the President's tax plan was that it favored "the rich." Governor Cuomo, of course, is fighting for the deductibility of state taxes, which favors the "rich" minority who itemize . . . but no matter. Cuomo's rhetorical signature is becoming recognizable.

☐ A *New York Post* editorial points out that members of the congressional Black Caucus can regularly be found at the leftwardmost fringe of any House debate. The entire caucus voted to condemn the U.S. invasion of Grenada; the only two members of the entire House to vote against the resolutions condemning the Soviet massacre of KAL 007 and, more recently, the Soviet murder of Major Arthur Nicholson were caucus members. Some of the names—Dellums, Conyers, Rangel, Crockett—give you the idea. On the principle that people should be judged by their character rather than by their skin color, the Black Caucus should be renamed the Red Caucus.

☐ In a major new book, *How to Make Nuclear Weapons Obsolete*, Robert Jastrow brings together the analyses of space-based defense he has contributed recently to *Commentary*, *The New York Times Magazine*, and other journals. Jastrow takes the intelligent layman through all the steps in clear and forceful prose: the strategic and moral weaknesses of MAD; satellites, missiles, and how one can effectively counter the other; a review of present and future technologies; and a vision of the possibility, once defense systems are in place, of a nuclear build-down. Jastrow, a veteran of NASA and Professor of Earth Sciences at Dartmouth, also dismisses the objections—ostensibly scientific, but in fact politically motivated—of such as the Union of Concerned Scientists, with unshakable logic and technical authority. "It seems," he concludes, "that scientists designing a defense against missiles may some day have an embarrassment of riches to choose from. . . . Meanwhile, the technologies that are already in hand will allow us to put into place, in the early 1990s, a simple but highly effective defense at a cost of roughly $60 billion. A conservative estimate of the effectiveness of this defense is 90 per cent, which means that only one Soviet warhead in ten will reach its target. This is more than sufficient to . . . discourage Soviet leaders from any thought of achieving a successful strike. This limited defense will be based on the off-the-shelf technology of the smart bullet. That technology is mature and unexotic, and its deployment around the end of the decade involves no further research, but only a relatively modest degree of engineering development of existing hardware." NATIONAL REVIEW will be running next issue a full-length treatment of this thoughtful, and perhaps decisive, book.

☐ Now soccer riots are taking on a not altogether metaphorical importance. A recent Chinese soccer riot is causing nervousness in Peking about the implications of freedom; and the Soviet press has leaped gleefully on the British riot in Brussels as evidence of decadence. The Soviets, for once, have a point. English circumstances have given rise to a rootless prole-youth population possessing scant respect for law, property, or civility. Riots at sports events and rock concerts have become commonplace, as has gratuitous property damage. Teddy boys and skinheads are only the most visible part of the mass phenomenon. The welfare state is part of the problem: low incentives for effort and meager penalties for sloth. And, beyond that, the traditional restraint of the British police is entirely inappropriate to the current realities. The Thatcher government shows signs of cracking down in the streets; but the need is also to move more rapidly to an opportunity society.

☐ Coincidentally, the Thatcher government has set in train modest reforms in the forty-year-old welfare system that currently costs $50 billion per year and under which many choose welfare over low-paying jobs. The present system absorbs 30 per cent of all public spending, and twice the military budget. Labour Party spokesmen described the reforms as a war on the poor that would make the unemployed "virtual outcasts in their own society."

☐ *September 1982:* Christian Phalangist militiamen massacre hundreds of Palestinians in the refugee camps

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What the Critics Are Saying About

POISONED IVY

By Benjamin Hart

"Very entertaining to read, no matter what your political persuasion. . . . William F. Buckley, Jr., who wrote the foreword to *Poisoned Ivy*, should be proud." —*The Washington Post*, "Book World"

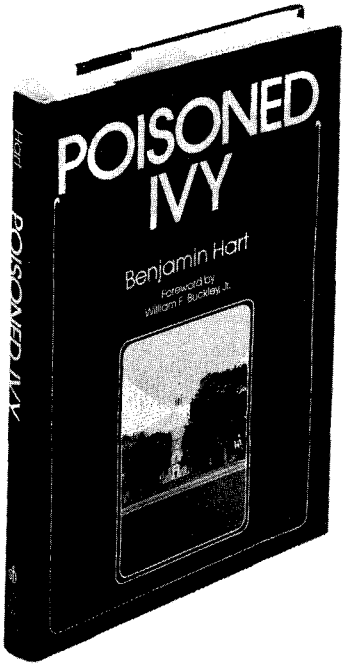
"Well-expressed views." —*Publishers Weekly*

"As a reader of liberal bias, I long, perhaps excessively, to hear the other side of Mr. Hart's story. But it is hard to believe that, however eloquently it might be presented, it would do much to counteract the picture presented here of a Robespierrean Committee of Public Safety (the Dartmouth administration) being confronted with a legitimate counter-revolution."
—Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, *The New York Times*

"A lively read." —*The New Republic*

"Hart is Buckley's ideological godson."
—Leslie Hanscom, *Newsday*

"This is one of those rare books that make a substantial contribution toward the unmasking of the biased attitudes and procedures of an Ivy League institution. . . . the book's significance lies in its description of the way the liberal mind works when its basic assumptions come under attack."
—*New Haven Register*



"It is a shame, in a way, that Ben Hart . . . felt that he had to go political. He writes so well about the Winter Carnival aspects of a school tucked away in the hills of northern New England. . . . It was duty that called Ben Hart to politics when his first impulse was to enjoy college life for its own sake." —John Chamberlain, Syndicated Columnist

"Parents who read this book will want to sit their teenagers down and talk heart to heart about the priorities of a liberal-arts education. For at stake, Hart convincingly argues, is not just the idea of the university, but the very ethos of a liberal-arts education. Should such conversations prove half as lively as *Poisoned Ivy*, much could be gained. . . . More than entertaining."
—*The Christian Science Monitor*

"A poignant book . . . The narrative keeps you reading; the characters say things on every page that are either intrinsically interesting, or dramatically self-revealing; and you find yourself absorbed in the world of Dartmouth, feeling, in the accounts of parties, football games, bull sessions, and love affairs, that beloved Dartmouth that lies, half-buried but still breathing, under all the progressive taboos." —Joseph Sobran, *National Review*

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Stein and Day/Publishers

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE HALLOWEEN scenario for Ronald Reagan's tax reform is that it may be easier to get the plan through the Democratic House than through the Republican Senate, owing mainly to the different rules of the two chambers. In the House, the Rules Committee can decide on a closed rule for the tax measure, so that when Ways and Means approves the tax bill by, say, mid-October, as Democratic Chairman Dan Rostenkowski says seems doable, the bill can then move directly to the floor for a straight up or down vote, all conceivably in a single day.

In the Senate, the process is different. After the reform bill has been approved by the Senate Finance Committee (helped along by Republican Chairman Bob Packwood, who says he's on board), it then is released to the Senate floor where it faces unlimited amendment. Here it can be stuck for a month or longer, having to face multiple amendments on both big items and picky ones, like restoring a tiny piece of charitable-donation deductibility to ease matters for a special constituent, "a matter so small that a Senate colleague would find it tough to vote against," observes a senior White House official. The setback is not only a matter of delay, but also of erosion. "The bill can be taken apart piece by piece," the official adds, "so that we end up $5 or $10 billion in the hole."

Soviet air strikes against Pakistan are viewed here with concern and pronounced displeasure, if not alarm. Last year, Soviet intrusions into Pakistan numbered about sixty, some being inadvertent, some for surveillance, and some punitive. The current round of Soviet strikes, according to one view here, means that the Russians are putting pressure on Pakistan's President Zia ul-Haq to be more compliant, i.e., to negotiate with Afghanistan's Kamal government, and to be less hospitable to Afghan refugees and freedom-fighters.

Another, more worrisome, view is that Mikhail Gorbachev wants a trade-off: an end to U.S. aid to the Mujahedin (holy fighters) in Afghanistan, in return for an end to Soviet aid to the Sandinistas. The State Department, after exploring the matter, does not believe the reports that Gorbachev outlined this deal to Zia when the latter was in Moscow for Chernenko's funeral. The story persists, nevertheless, and the current Soviet strikes inside Pakistan are construed within the logic of it to mean that Gorbachev is coaxing the deal forward: By dropping a few payloads on Pakistan he wants to induce Zia to tell the U.S. to lay off aiding the Afghan freedom-fighters (reportedly $200 million for the upcoming fiscal year, as opposed to the current $35- to $50-million covert-aid level) and go for the deal. The State Department insists that if such a deal had been offered by Gorbachev, it would have been summarily rejected.

The air strikes, by the way, are occurring just as the Russians have agreed to convene with the U.S. at the expert level (assistant secretary) later this month, probably in Washington, to talk about Afghanistan, which seems to some observers to be carrying the Russians' let's-give-the-finger-to-the-U.S. mindset to an extraordinary degree. A final *obiter dictum*: The Reagan Administration now sees Zia's government as more credible than in the past, with a semblance of an election having taken place, and a good economic year in 1985. That means, doubtless, some additional military assistance for Zia.

The advent of Worldnet, the USIA's international satellite television network, has caused something of a sensation overseas. The network provides timely and candid glimpses of American society to viewers around the world in free, daily, magazine-style programming lasting two hours. News, arts, business, science, sports, and live press conferences with American newsmakers quizzed by journalists in London, Madrid, Amsterdam, Düsseldorf, Lisbon, and elsewhere—all provide welcome relief from the stuffy fare of previous USIA satellite TV.

Since anyone with a receiving dish can pull in the signal from the satellite, and since the signal is being carried by cable throughout big chunks of Europe, Worldnet is reaching beyond the traditional broadcasting ranges. "Even Rupert Murdoch's Sky Channel with a few hundred thousand viewers in the United Kingdom," says a senior official with Britain's Independent Broadcasting Authority, "cannot compare with the potential impact of Worldnet's reach and availability." So it appears that Charlie Wick is forcing Her Majesty's Government to end its cozy, theoretical discussions about the future of television and come to grips with this question: Is it any longer possible to control broadcasting in an era of global communication? Good. Let the frontiers fall. —CATO

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of Sabra and Shatila in Beirut. The Israeli army, charged with guarding the camps, intervenes only after the slaughter is well under way. An international uproar ensues during which Israel is compared with Nazi Germany, and many American journalists (Anthony Lewis springs to mind) accuse the Begin government—Defense Minister Sharon, in particular—of complicity in the killings. Indignation flourishes. Some (the novelist John Le Carré springs to mind) link America, by implication, to the massacre. An Israeli commission investigates the whole matter. *May 1985:* Shiite militiamen, aided by Shiite elements of the Lebanese army and also by the Syrian government, massacre hundreds of Palestinians at Sabra and Shatila. But this time there is no outrage. The Syrian government will not appoint a commission to investigate its role in the atrocities. There is no international clamor. Not a word has been heard from Anthony Lewis or for that matter from Jesse Jackson, who never fails to bring up the 1982 killings during any discussion of Israel. Why not? Because they have no way of linking Israel or the U.S. to the camps today, and no way of blaming us for the slaughter.

☐ One, two, many Nicaraguas . . . and Angolas . . . and Afghanistans. Under the sponsorship of Lew Lehrman's Citizens for America, anti-Communist leaders from around the world met recently in Angola to

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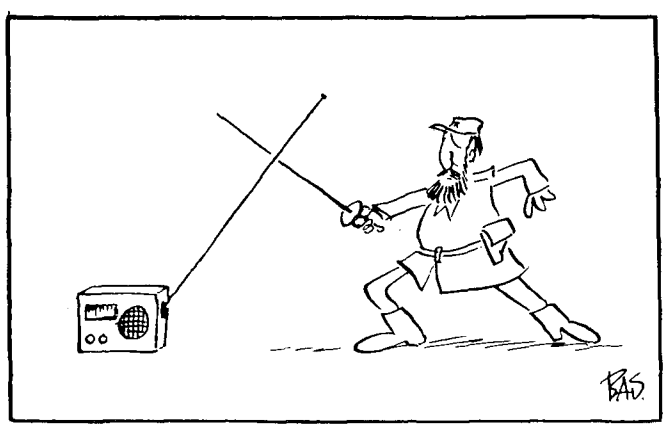
discuss establishing a worldwide Democratic International to fight Communism. The meeting took place in an area of Angola controlled by Jonas Savimbi, head of the anti-Communist UNITA forces. In addition to Savimbi, there were freedom-fighters from Afghanistan, Laos, and Nicaragua. The U.S. contingent was led by Lehrman, whose plane landed him at an airport inside Savimbi's Angola. Given the close relationship between Lehrman's CFA and the Reagan Administration, the Angola meeting is sure to provoke angry outbursts from certain members of Congress—if not now, then when the travelers return from their visit to unliberated areas of the world.

☐ You might think Bitburg a bit passé by now, but no, a Memorial Day editorial in the *New York Times* became another Bitburg homily . . . then Elie Wiesel was giving a commencement address—about Bitburg . . . then Leon Wieseltier was upbraiding Peregrine Worsthorne in *The New Republic* for writing "coarsely" about Bitburg in the London *Spectator*. Wieseltier even accused Worsthorne of "prejudice," which sounded unlikely, so we checked it out. Here is what Worsthorne actually said: "As a committed and consistent pro-Semite—even to the point of defending Israel's incursions into Lebanon—I have to admit that the Jews come out of the Bitburg business very badly. Naturally everybody decent understands the depth of their feelings about the Holocaust. But to use every devious trick of moral blackmail to try to wreck President Reagan's wholly laudable attempt, forty years after the war, to do justice to Germany's miraculous regeneration seems to me quite inexcusable. Cannot the Jews realize the harm that would have been done to the free world by continuing to treat the Germans as permanent pariahs?" And so forth. Strong stuff, and arguable. But fairminded. And Wieseltier's misrepresentation of it tends to strengthen Worsthorne's point.

☐ With Duarte chewing up the guerrillas in El Salvador, the next Great Cause is going to be . . . Guatemala. You have to stay alert to keep ahead of the curve on these things, but the smart money today says bet on Guatemala for August. Buy a T-shirt, get your poster ready, if you have some cash book a trip there; you'll be bound to see your favorite film stars.



Bas, *Tachydromos* / Rothco

Radio Martí

☐ "They are loyal, devoted, and supportive of the university," said President A. Bartlett Giamatti. "We are delighted to see they are back." He was referring to a new group called Gala—short for Yale Gay and Lesbian Alumni. What next? Maybe a steamy memoir called *Man and Man at Yale*? How about an all-male singing group—the Poofs?

☐ Nicaragua says the CIA is training British mercenaries to carry out terrorist acts that will be blamed on the Sandinistas, which means the Sandinistas are planning the terrorist acts that they are blaming the CIA for in advance.

Second Revolution

I. That Tax Reform

THE ORIGINAL Treasury tax plan was a Grecian temple of simplicity, a shrine to the principles of efficiency and economic neutrality, a Parthenon of symmetry and nondistortion. To this austere edifice has now been added a little aluminum siding here for the charities, a built-on rec room there for the insurers, a few lawn flamingos for the oilmen. It's cozier, and more like the tax system we all grew up in.

If you truly believe that economic ideas have consequences—that "inefficiency" and "distortion" refer to real losses that hurt real people—the costs of these changes will appear to be more than just aesthetic. Fortunately, the costs are also finite. The tax simplification plan may no longer be a virgin, but it is still a dynamo: a likely spur to lasting economic growth, and a clear advance in fairness over the present system.

The treatment of capital gains symbolizes the best and worst aspects of the revision. A daring proviso of Treasury I would have wiped out the preference given to capital gains but indexed the "basis" (original investment) on which the gains are calculated. The first of these steps would have ended at a stroke the chief activity of tax lawyers, which is the alchemical transmutation of the dross of ordinary income into the gold of long-term capital gains. The second would have ended a whole class of unfairnesses that penalize long-term holders of investments over inflationary periods. Unfortunately, investors who earn big returns on tiny stakes, such as venture capitalists, would have suffered a jarring increase in their taxes. Some clever way might have been found to alleviate this problem, but Treasury II just gives up and goes back to the current system, with a slightly lower rate but also a

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smaller preference for capital gains. It's an undeniable improvement over the present law; but it makes you realize why Brookings Institution economist Henry Aaron said, "I think we would have enjoyed the movie if we hadn't read the book."

Republican constituencies combined to shape the final product, not always in fortunate ways. The doctors succeeded in gutting a clause intended to keep the tax system from putting undue upward pressure on health-insurance outlays. Pro-family groups on the New Right successfully lobbied for a big boost in the per-child deduction, which unlike a cut in marginal rates is not apt to unleash economic growth. (It's strange how public policy can swing from anti-natalist to pro-natalist without even a moment of neutrality.) There was a brave proposal to soften the double taxation of dividends, but corporate executives were not falling over each other to lobby for it, probably because it would have vastly strengthened the clout of stockholders as against managers.

The liberals used to pretend that the tax code was written in back rooms by General Dynamics executives and the wholesalers of dry vermouth. When Treasury II was unveiled, however, it quickly developed that the liberals have a big stake in the status quo. Their pet causes range from the presidential-campaign checkoff to local economic-development bonds, but the symbolic biggie is the state- and local-tax deduction, now universally admitted to be mostly a subvention to the high-tax governors and mayors.

Earlier this year the *New York Times* praised *Garcia v. San Antonio*, the Supreme Court decision that held that there are no limits to Congress's power to regulate the states and cities directly. Yet the *Times* suggests that constitutional foundations totter when the Feds tax mere residents of the states or cities without letting the local pols get in their licks first. The fact is that most kinds of taxation, from payroll to sales to excise, do not display this sort of deference to other levels of government. Which means that the *Times* editorialists have to fall back on their other argument: that New York is really doing the rest of the country a favor by maintaining high welfare payments. Good luck.

II. The Politics

POLITICALLY, the tax plan is shaping up as a major legislative and political push of the second term, perhaps *the* major one, analogous to Reagan's first tax and budget proposals in the spring of 1981. This is the sort of fight he has shown he can win, and some of the features of his first victory have already reappeared. He has given the proposal a Middle American spin, and he has made family values central, in addition to economic growth and equity. He also attempted a re-aligning populist rhetoric. The opposition, for the most part, is on the defensive, finding itself forced to use the terms of the debate set by Reagan. "His words and feeling," Representative Rostenkowski, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, admitted, "go back to Roosevelt and Truman and Kennedy"—in other words, Rostenkowski has been rhetorically euchered, and he knows it. There are suggestions that the plan will have to be made "fairer"; that perhaps the first Treasury plan was superior; and so on, and so forth. But they have the air of quibbles; the intellectual initiative belongs to the Administration.

Meanwhile, Reagan has begun doing what he does best—taking to the hustings with attacks on the Washington Old Guard. "Right now, the army of lobbyists and special interests is dug in around the Capitol Building, firing every weapon in their arsenal to shoot down our proposal for tax fairness and simplification. They're allied with the Washington sophisticates and so-called experts who tell us that tax simplification will never pass. But I think the sophisticates and the lobbyists and the experts have forgotten one thing—they've forgotten you." Powerful stuff.

The whole effort, as well as the tax and budget package of 1981, may be profitably compared to Carter's energy proposals, which that President saw as *his* major pushes. Carter fastened on a marginal issue, offered solutions that were anthologies of nitpicking, and hectored Americans for their unspirituality when he failed. Reagan has chosen issues that go to the core of government and the economy, grasped them at the roots, and focused his blame on the Beltway.

Here and there, there have been specific reactions that were surprising, others that were typical. The most startling, by far, was this sentence, in the *New York Times*: "The best feature of Mr. Reagan's plan, and surely its main purpose, is its sizable reduction in tax rates, both personal and corporate." *The best feature!* Have the waters of sense finally worn a ripple in that rock-face of ignorance? On the ho-hum side, Kevin Phillips, who since the fall of Nixon has taken on the role of the Raven, sitting over the lintel and croaking *nevermore* at every succeeding conservative or Republican, has of course predicted failure.

Also unsurprising was this cautionary thought from Barber Conable: "Equity is the enemy of simplicity. It's an illusion to believe that you can have a sim-

Forgotten Moments

Remember Eagleton-for-Veep
Or what made Edmund Muskie weep?
Though now forgotten, those events
Once triggered clanging arguments,
Then sank into oblivion.
Remember Bitburg, anyone?

W. H. VON DREELE

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ple tax system that will apply fairly across a complex economy." Conable, a Republican congressman from upstate New York for practically forever, retired in 1984; but his thinking—he was ranking Republican on the Ways and Means Committee for seven years—reflects certain predispositions that Reagan will have to deal with in his own party. Leaving aside Conable's strange notion of "equity," what he says is perfectly true: Attempting to do the best by every component part of a complex economy, in a piecemeal fashion, is certainly the enemy of simplicity. Republicans have, of necessity, become adept over the years at managing this sort of complexity. Some of the traditional concessions—liberals have already focused on oil- and gas-industry loopholes—have already crept back in, between the Treasury and Reagan plans. The Senate will undoubtedly be waiting with more.

This raises the important question of implementation. Initiative, esprit, and style are important things; they are, indeed, the essential things. But the laws also have to get written. What will be settled over the coming months is not mere details. There are two ways of effectuating a bold political proposal. One, an outside strategy, is to keep it pure, and damn all compromise. The other, the inside route, is to try to pre-empt critics, bringing them along by giving a little. The outside strategy risks confrontation and stalemate in the short run, though it sets up the possibility of clear partisan struggles later on. The inside strategy holds out the hope of victory, at the risk of excessive compromise and muddled responsibility. Reagan, for instance, did get a version of Kemp-Roth in 1981, but at the cost of a first tax-rate cut that was six months late, and five percentage points too small. As a politician, Reagan has both instincts. He is happy on the stump, blazing away at enemies; he is equally happy wearing the white hat of success. He shouldn't forget the first happiness, if the second becomes too tempting.

An Absolute Moral Void

"WE DON'T SEE ideological motives. All we see is cash," said an FBI spokesman of the Walker family spy ring. It is notable that none of the espionage cases to come before the public in recent years has had the ideological overtones of the famous cases of the Forties and Fifties—Hiss; Fuchs; Coplon; the Rosenbergs; Burgess, Philby, & Maclean. Accused spy John Walker took pains to associate himself outwardly with everything patriotic and even xenophobic, including the Ku Klux Klan, but this was camouflage.

The Soviet Union has lost any moral glamor it once had. Today it has to pay cash; its American helpers aren't deluded enough to think they are working to create a better world.

This is not to say that principle isn't a factor—or rather the absence of principle. As we go to press, John Walker and his son have pleaded not guilty to the charge of espionage, but enough information is available about the case for us to venture some tentative observations. The Walkers appear to have operated in a normless state of mind, cut off from all feelings of civic virtue, motivated only by money. This and other new spy cases also suggest that the notion of what Jeane Kirkpatrick calls "moral equivalence" between the "two superpowers" has had its corrosive effect. A great many Americans no longer recoil with horror at the idea of betraying their country: The tepid reaction to the Walker case proves that. We have begun to feel it would be presumptuous to expect simple loyalty.

The Walker case should also demonstrate to one and all the shabby state of American counterintelligence. John Walker and his sons would still be in business if it hadn't been for a tip from Walker's ex-wife—a loophole Frank Church forgot to close. We are left to wonder how many other termites there are in the structure. Even liberals have quit trying to deny that the main business of Soviet "diplomacy" is spying, and it is only too likely that the Soviets have had plenty of cooperation from a generation that has been taught there is no such thing as treason.

A few weeks ago it transpired that several hundred U.S.-made krytrons—timing devices for atomic bombs—had illegally wound up in Israel. However one may sympathize with Israel's security needs, the U.S. has security needs of its own, and the incident reveals, in its own way, the extraordinary porousness of our security arrangements.

American patriotism, though there are signs of revival, may never again be what it once was. And it is true that we can't demand that loyalty to the nation be every individual's highest loyalty. But if we mean to survive, we had better make it clear that we expect every American citizen to find some place for loyalty to his country among his own hierarchy of affections. An emphatic way to make the point would be to seek the death penalty for anyone who puts at risk the lives and liberties of his 240 million fellow citizens.

Turn the Clock Back, Please

THE SENATE confirmation battle over William Bradford Reynolds, Ronald Reagan's nominee for associate attorney general, will be in essence a debate over whether the 1964 Civil Rights Act is finally going to mean what we were told it meant.

The act's sponsors, including Hubert Humphrey, swore up and down that it would forbid, not authorize, such monstrosities as racial quotas and reverse discrimination. Forced busing wasn't even on the agenda; nobody would have dared propose it. In fact it is

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safe to say that if the country had had any inkling of the abuses that would rush in under the act, it would never have had a prayer of being passed.

The civil-rights lobby, which has already given civil rights a bad name, is fighting bitterly to block Reynolds; Benjamin Hooks of the NAACP calls him "a right-wing, ideological nut." It would be interesting to see the results of a debate and referendum across the nation between Reynolds and Hooks; our confident guess is that Reynolds would win by a landslide that would make the 1984 election look like a squeaker.

The deep question in the controversy is over the nation's philosophy of law. The traditional American view is that the impersonal and impartial rule of law itself is the best protection for minorities. The current liberal position, partaking of a Marxian cynicism about ruling classes and the like, is that the rule of law is a sham; that the law reflects the interests of the powerful; and that minorities must be protected not by rules but by exceptions. Justice must therefore be sought in special preferential treatment. But to most Americans, special preferential treatment by government means injustice.

The Reagan Administration embodies this traditional attitude of confidence in the rule of law. It holds office in great part because it stands for the principle of applying one rule to all. Group preference is not law but privilege, no matter how much it may be justified in the name of "equality." The Reynolds confirmation is a good time to highlight this point and force the issue before a general public that must be wondering why, four and a half years after Ronald Reagan's election, we still have quotas and busing.

Crime of the Century

THE TRIAL taking place in Rome in the matter of the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II is making one of the world's major powers very nervous, and that power is the United States. If the jury finds that there was a Soviet-inspired plot to kill the Pope, then the United States is going to have to pretend that it is shocked and dismayed, the way it must every time the Soviets do something utterly characteristic.

Thus far, the U.S., along with the other Western nations, has been content to downplay the Bulgarian link. When the conspiracy theory first surfaced, the CIA dismissed it as madness. Then, when investigative reporter Claire Sterling began digging, the U.S. Embassy in Rome allegedly tried to influence her to drop the case. But truth will out, largely, in this case, owing to the dogged efforts of the Italian judiciary. It is now certain that Bulgarians befriended Mehmet Ali Agca. Agca is insane, but interspersed with his fantasies, he has spewed forth a sea of verifiable facts that point to a KGB-directed plot. If the Italian jury agrees with the previous investigators that the Bulgarians are responsible, then the U.S. must conclude, from its professional awareness of the KGB-Bulgarian modus operandi, that the plot was hatched in the Politburo; and even if the principal players of the time, Brezhnev and Andropov, are now dead, Gorbachev was part of the structure and can hardly say, "Not on my watch."

The U.S. Government, by downplaying the crime of the century, is letting slip a stupendous opportunity. It could, for example, prepare a devastating documentary film on the subject for use in political warfare against Latin American Communists. And, while proceeding with negotiations and maintaining civility, our spokesmen might indicate that there is nothing new about the plot to assassinate the Pope. It is of a piece with the larger brutality: KAL 007, the Gulag, Sakharov, the regular murders at the Berlin Wall, genocide in Afghanistan. The assassination attempt reveals that unrestrained brutality is the essence of the Soviet system, and the point ought to be made for our political advantage, with a clarifying reminder by a major U.S. official. Don't worry, the Soviets will still show up at Geneva and at the Summit; after all, they are trying to stop Star Wars.

Greece Deserves Better

THE SOCIALIST government of Greece, led by Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou, hobbled into a new term on the crutches of Communist support. Now, for the good news: Papandreou's majority is marginal (roughly 300,000 votes), thus reaffirming the steady decline of his Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK), while the conservative opposition party, New Democracy (ND), has been notably reinforced at the polls (up 5 per cent from 1981). Better still, several analysts predict that the PASOK government will soon cave in under the weight of the imminent state bankruptcy wrought by its ill-conceived economic policies, excessive indebtedness, and government spending sprees. Estimated survival time: two years.

Clearly, Papandreou did not win on national issues. Nor did he gain much from efforts to lead Greek chapters of the Arafat, Qaddafi, Jaruzelski, Gorbachev, and Ortega fan clubs. Then how?

First, by marketing a bogeyman called "The Right." PASOK's speeches falsely linked ND with the ultra-right juntist remnants and spoke of its collaboration with the Nazis. Patent lies, of course, but effective.

Second, by using authoritarian intimidation tactics. Not only was the state machine abused to influence voters, but it was made clear that retribution was in store for those who dared to obstruct PASOK in its work. Opposition election centers were broken up and set ablaze; opposition supporters were shot at and even stabbed. (The ND did not retaliate.) PASOK's former interior minister threatened that public servants

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Governor Cuomo's Little Secret

In New York State, where taxes rise
Like buildings in Manhattan's skies,
The politicians jump and scream
At Mr. Reagan's taxing scheme
Because they couldn't reassign
To all the other 49
Top-heavy taxes they impose
Like water from a garden hose.

W. H. VON DREELE

who worked against PASOK would "pay very dearly" after the election. Peculiar, isn't it, that the majority of Western media overlooked this?

Third, by avoiding any semblance of dialogue. ND leader Constantine Mitsotakis repeatedly challenged Papandreou to a televised debate, but was dismissed out of hand. The baloney rejected the grinder.

Under such conditions, the election results could not reflect the genuine political will of the electorate.

What will happen now? Where is Papandreou leading Greece? PASOK's platform promised, inter alia, the removal of U.S. military bases and nuclear weapons, plus a wide variety of Marxist measures aimed at achieving "the socialist transformation of society." In the immediate term, PASOK will amend the constitution to make the president a figurehead, while executive and legislative power will be consolidated in the prime minister's hands. Once that is done, it's anyone's guess.

On the eve of the election, former president Constantine Karamanlis outlined what was at stake: "We have, as a people, a rich but also bitter experience from the past, occasioned by the successive and grievous adventures we endured as a nation. We will not have, therefore, the excuse of delusion if we do not make good use of this experience and we lead the country into new adventures."

Regrettably for the future of Greece, the United States, and Europe, not enough Greeks paid heed.

Radical Cheek

IT'S NOT exactly a new idea that left-wing revolutionaries are middle-class, power-hungry opportunists who perceive that a little book learning and a lot of cant about "the poor" can yield a comfortable life bossing others. Still, it is surprising to find the case effectively made by a U.S. reporter with good liberal credentials. In early May, a devastating six-part series about the Sandinistas appeared in the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, titled "Portrait of an Enemy." It was written by the paper's Latin America correspondent, Merle Linda Wolin, who recently worked briefly for the *Wall Street Journal*, and in 1981 was feted by Ed Asner and the Hollywood Left for her lengthy *Herald-Examiner* series on "sweatshops" in Los Angeles. Asner won't be celebrating this new series.

It starts out with a crushing profile of Nicaraguan Interior Minister Tomás Borge, "a short, stiff man who swaggers more than he walks," who "seems to cultivate his considerable reputation as a womanizer," and who "appears quite comfortable with deceit." Borge lives luxuriously and drives "the most pricey BMW." Nonetheless, for Miss Wolin's benefit he "clumsily staged a phony home environment in a soldier's bungalow." (She describes her visit to this reverse Potemkin abode in comic detail.) He was hoping to strengthen "his disingenuous claim" that he is sharing the people's "needs, difficulties, and deprivations."

Miss Wolin notes that despite "the Reagan Administration's justified concern about his doctrinaire politics and his leftist international contacts, [Borge] is not viewed [in Managua] with particular alarm."

Tom Wolfe might well appreciate Miss Wolin's account of the $350,000 house that Daniel Ortega stole from its owners on the day after the revolution. The estate includes (or included at that time) "eighteenth-century French and Austrian antique furniture, a half-million-dollar art collection, four cars, a complete set of Rosenthal china for two hundred, Baccarat and Lalique crystal, silver, even three tigers and a lion in the garden."

The house was formerly owned by Jaime Morales, an anti-Somoza banker and financial columnist for *La Prensa*. " 'How could he do that?' said a still incredulous Morales in an interview in Mexico City, where he now lives with his family in exile. 'I was an active supporter of the revolution. Everyone knew that I celebrated the fall of Somoza.' "

When Morales's wife returned to her house in Managua, Ortega's mistress came to the door, wearing one of the Morales family's bathrobes. " 'They already had taken down the crucifixes and put up the images of Sandino,' " she told Miss Wolin. " 'And there were boxes filled with many, many Communist books.' "

Ortega kept the house, telling everyone that Morales had defaulted on his mortgage—a lie. But this was all in character. Ortega had earlier pursued a career as a revolutionary bank robber. His illegitimate father had grown up as an "outcast," which made him feel (in Ortega's words) "rejected" and "discriminated against." Ortega evidently inherited and nursed the grudge.

Miss Wolin does not spare Gioconda Belli, the erotic poet of the revolution. During the revolutionary heyday she "drew on her deep emotions and sensuality to celebrate the genesis of life." The poems flowed. Alas, the creative wellsprings seem to have dried up now that Gioconda is a "top advisor to the Department of Agitation and Propaganda." She "rarely writes." And

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when she does, "even her best friends cringe." Her work has a way of being "didactic, strident, narrowly political."

But for a while everything was glorious. Philadelphia-educated, pot-smoking, sexually liberated, Vietnam-protesting Gioconda traveled about to any number of socialist countries with her PLO-trained, Patrice Lumumba University-educated lover, Henry Ruiz. Then everything began to fall apart. They split up. Today he is minister of "Foreign Cooperation."

Perhaps most revealing is the portrait of the country's central banker, Joaquín Cuadra, "whose ancestors have been ruling Nicaragua for the past 450 years. . . . A wealthy commercial attorney, he epitomized the avaricious Latin American capitalist." At the behest of his radicalized, mostly U.S.-educated children, Cuadra joined the Sandinistas in the nick of time and "is more powerful now than before."

He too lives in style and was with his children when Miss Wolin came calling. (How they must have trusted her!) "The group looked the patrician part. The women were dressed stylishly yet conservatively . . . When a challenge was posed to the group to reconcile the apparent contradiction between the FSLN's claim to support a mixed economy with the frequently heard call to eliminate the 'bourgeois,' [daughter] Marta Lucia, now 35 and a prominent FSLN member, took the lead.

"She explained first, politely, that the Sandinista Front is making this revolution for 'the people,' not the 'bourgeois.' Then in an outburst, she declared the 'bourgeois' exists in Nicaragua only 'because we let them be here.'

" 'We didn't shoot them like every other revolution in the world,' she said. 'But we could have, and we still might.'

" 'Ya!' ordered her father, shooting her an intense, menacing look. 'Let's change the subject—now.' Marta Lucia withdrew immediately."

Somoza was a weak, half-hearted autocrat, despised by his successors as much for his weakness as for his corruption. They, by contrast, are made of sterner stuff. That much is plain from this remarkable series.

Another point that emerges obliquely is the substratum of U.S. influence sustaining the revolution. One unnamed "Sandinista leader" told Miss Wolin: "We are conscious that the best defense we have is in the North American people themselves."

The Irreplaceable Replaced

When Jeane Kirkpatrick quit, I thought,
"There goes the ballgame, boys,"
As cuckoos tumbled from a horse
That looked a lot like Troy's.
But this time the Achaeans lost,
While Trojans won the day,
As Vernon Walters spoke in tongues
And forked the horse some hay.

W. H. von Dreele

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

O foul and most evil hour of plague this abortifacient now is, Mario. Yet thou wouldst e'en so merely balm us unto disbelief with rewards for holy gestation, whilst murder most rank stalks our troubled land. O Mario, Mario, wherefore in this art thou Mario?

The Bard
[James C. Neely, MD
San Francisco, Calif.]

☐ Memo to: All forum impresarios
From: WFB

Erik is coming to town!

Herr Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, fluent in English, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Latin, and Greek, will return to the United States for a lecture tour in the fall of this year. During October, in the East and Midwest; November, in the Far West. Sponsors interested in hearing the world's most well-informed and fascinating man should write to him, address: A-6072 Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I enclose what I hope is a mildly humorous comment on your column in the December 28, 1984, issue. That piece was labeled "The Secret Memo," and is an imaginary memo from presidential aide James Baker to the President.

I have written a "memo" to "Jim" to correct his monetary economics. I hope you will publish it in one of your features.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Timberlake Jr.
Department of Banking and Finance
University of Georgia
Athens, Ga.

Memo to: Jim [James Baker]
From: Tim [Richard Timberlake]
Re: Your memo to the President on "Tomorrow, and the day after"

Your two suggestions for dealing with the monetary system—1) "return to the gold standard," and 2) "urge the Fed to ease up on the money supply until short-

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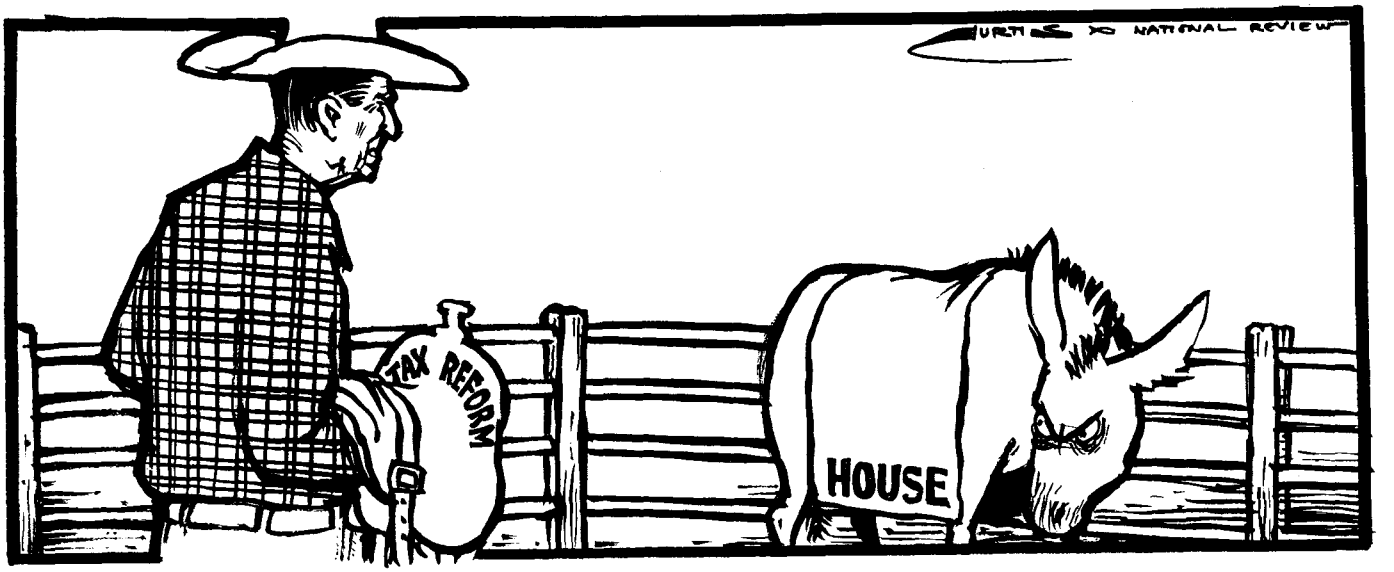

term paper reaches an interest level of, say, 4 per cent"—are exceptionable in several senses.

First, they are mutually exclusive: If the monetary system were based operationally on *the* gold standard, and not some façade thereof, the Fed would not be able to raise or lower interest rates or control the money supply in any sense. Individual households and businesses acting in markets would then determine interest rates. (As an aside, interest rates surely would go down.)

Second, the Fed can only lower interest rates ephemerally by pumping money into the system. (Economists call this a "liquidity effect.") It would be pointless in any case because even the next election is further off than the day after tomorrow. Worse yet, it is a policy of playing "Sorcerer's Apprentice" with the monetary system. Its more durable and pervasive result would be to aggravate inflation. Interest rates would then have to rise in order to be compatible with the expected rate of increase in prices. (Economists call this phenomenon the Fisher Effect, after Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University, who explained it all in 1911.)

Third, why do you suggest playing games with the monetary system at all when there is no sorcerer to set things right after the Mickey Mouse "apprentice" has had his fling? More money is not a nostrum for all the economic hardships brought on by profligate government.

I hope these remarks help you to help the President. They come from Senator Phil Gramm's old teacher.

Dear Tim: Your advice has been passed along. Perhaps Jim will settle for just moving into the gold standard. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have long believed the claim that NATIONAL REVIEW was one of the better-edited journals extant. This only heightened my disillusionment when I read in your April 5 edition that it would have been easy for President Reagan to give in ". . . to the automakers by prolonging the Japanese import quotas."

I am sure this is only a momentary slip on your part; I hate to see you join—however briefly—all those careless journalists who see "the automakers" as monolithic and "Detroit" as a suitable synonym.

Anyone who believes we are all singing the same hymn hasn't been keeping up. General Motors has actively advocated dropping the Japanese restraints. As our chairman has said, we prefer to slug it out in the marketplace. Other U.S. automakers take different positions on this and other issues.

We are just as sensitive about being lumped together as "one of the automakers" in this instance as you no doubt would be if you were included with "the magazines" who want continued postal subsidies.

Sincerely,
James D. Johnston
Vice President
General Motors Corporation

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Enclosed is an item from the "Diana Hears" gossip column published by the *Washington Times*. It states that Harvard Professor of Economics John Kenneth Galbraith (a good socialist) owns a stallion by the name of Black Take. To make matters worse, an assignation between Black Take and Queen Elizabeth's mare Little Currant is scheduled to take place. My question is, How will a good socialist like Professor Galbraith explain a proletariat horse with imperialist bloodlines? Please advise.

Sincerely yours,
Kathleen J. Crifasi
Lanham-Seabrook, Md.

Dear Miss Crifasi: Why, I suppose as he explains everything else, to wit, unsatisfactorily. Cordially,

—WFB

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EIGHTIES BACKLASH

RONALD REAGAN scored big with American youth in last November's election, but recent polls show some slippage among 18- to 25-year-olds. Exit polls last November indicated that 58 per cent of 18- to 25-year-old voters cast their ballots for Mr. Reagan. In its mid-November 1984 survey on party affiliations, the *New York Times*/CBS News poll showed that 37 per cent in this age group identified with the GOP and 29 per cent with the Democrats, while 34 per cent called themselves independents. Six months later, in May 1985, the *NYT*/CBS News survey showed that the GOP had dropped to 29 per cent, Democrats had climbed to 34 per cent, and independents had dropped to 29 per cent. (Eight per cent didn't know.) Are the Republicans letting youth slip between their fingers?

Republican strategists in town who take the long view point to history's cyclical bent to explain the marginal youth fall-off from the GOP: The earnest, young, upwardly mobile college student or IBM marketing executive of 1981 or 1982 closely parallels the World War II veteran of 1945, fresh out of the service and eager to share in the American dream, who became the "organization man" of the Fifties and the man in the grey flannel suit of the Sixties. "The optimism and conformity of the late Forties and Fifties," says a Republican analyst, "bred an inevitable backlash in the Sixties. So, too, in the early Eighties, the Fifties serenity replayed itself, and now the Sixties backlash is replaying itself."

The causes that pull today's socially reactivated youth include South African apartheid, Central America, and the civil-rights cluster—affirmative action, quotas, comparable worth, sub-minimum wage for teenagers, and Education Secretary Bill Bennett's support of cuts in college aid. But the most intriguing development is the emerging anti-Yuppie sentiment. "Someone really did a number on the young, urban professionals when the Yuppie label was slapped on them," says a Yuppie Democratic congressman. " 'Yuppie' has become a vicious caricature of a self-absorbed, jogging, BMW-driving, Rolex-wearing, conspicuous-consumption-oriented, self-centered prig." So, today's college youth are obliged to prove that they are not Yuppies, but are deeper, better, broader, more interesting, and, you guessed it, socially reformist.

Democratic politicos here, meanwhile, trace the GOP youth fall-off primarily to the disappearance of Fritz Mondale from the TV screen. "It's not so much that the Republicans are letting something slip through their fingers," says a DNC official, "as that the Democrats have stopped bloodying themselves." Paul Kirk, the new DNC chairman, is performing ably and bravely, standing up to Jesse Jackson and Lane Kirkland, as well as liquidating seven caucuses (Black, Women's, Hispanic, Asian/Pacific, Liberal/Progressive, Lesbian/Gay, Business/Professional) because they made the Democrats look like captives of special interests. "These actions may not have sunk into youth consciousness yet, but they have stopped a stream of negative media," says the DNC insider.

BUT REAGAN and the Republicans can contain the leakage, and even build youth support back up. As a leader, the President continues to compare favorably with Nixon, Ford, and Carter, and no competitive hero is on the horizon. In 1984, Gary Hart had the spark that ignited lots of Yuppies. He was the first to get out and say, "Hey, I'm a blow-dried baby-boomer, an antagonist of big labor. I've got new ideas. I'm more conservative on economics and defense than Walter Mondale." Now *all* Democrats sound like that, but this doesn't seem to dispel Hart's negatives. "Hart's magic is gone," says a Democratic lobbyist. The Geneva talks and Reagan's Summit tenacity are helping him with the college set. Regarding social conservatism, young people by and large believe the sexual revolution is over and won, meaning that "it's pro-choice on everything," as one political pollster says. Oddly, though, Mr. Reagan's social conservatism doesn't antagonize them, because the Gipper himself is so non-threatening.

Three other factors hold a potential for the Republicans: the Strategic Defense Initiative, tax reform, and Vietnam patriotism. To a generation reared on *Star Trek* and *Star Wars*, a "U.S. Military Space Command" is neither exotic nor intimidating, only inevitable. Tax reform, with its stress on fairness, has instant appeal to young people who don't have access to tax shelters or loopholes anyway. And a revisionist Vietnam mood also bodes well for Mr. Reagan and the Republicans. *Rambo*, *Missing in Action*, and *Uncommon Valor*, all concerning MIAs, are all box-office winners, evidence of an unfocused but welling patriotism. The core of the baby-boom generation, remember, provided nine million members of the U.S. Armed Forces during the Vietnam era, with three million serving in Vietnam itself. Ronald Reagan may not be exactly the right figure to mobilize this sector or articulate its renascent patriotism, but his political party is certainly more hospitable to their yearnings than that of his opposition.

All of which means, I guess, that American youth has shifted to conservatism (though not as dramatically as the 1984 election at first suggested), that Mr. Reagan's big youth vote was largely anti-Mondale in origin, and that today's young people will probably stabilize at their current conservative/liberal balance for the foreseeable future. In short, the 1988 election will be won by a candidate who stands for peace and free enterprise. □

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EUROPEAN POSTSCRIPT

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S European tour provoked a greater flood of words than was expected, and I now offer a few more, well after the event.

I start with symbolism, and move on to substance. The great victory of forty years ago over the Nazi and Fascist tyrannies was marred from the start by the fact that, for reasons well known, it was achieved in alliance with a comparable (and sadly more durable) tyranny.

This regrettable but immutable fact of history flawed the United Nations from its inception and cast a lengthening shadow over annual celebrations. The Germany of the dark years has gone, at any rate west of the East German border. The Soviet tyranny, waxing on the shared victory, has turned into the "evil empire" that threatens the survival of free systems of government and society.

Each time V-E Day is celebrated, we remind peaceful and democratic Germany of appalling events for which all young and many middle-aged Germans have no responsibility; and we recall for a few hours the life-or-death struggle that would not have been won without our "glorious Russian allies." Is it not time we dropped the celebrations as a great international media event, while giving thanks, each country and individual in our own way, for deliverance from evil?

I am not going to pretend that the President's visit to the Bitburg cemetery was anything but a public-relations fiasco, but in intent at any rate it was a step in the right direction. It is right to celebrate Europe's—and especially Germany's—freedom from the Nazi evil. Only next time, please, if there is a next time, choose the symbolic meeting place more carefully . . .

A curious role in the whole affair was played by the British Labour Party's "shadow foreign secretary," Mr. Denis Healey. Age does not mellow this imposing, highly intelligent, well-informed, and ill-intentioned politician (he has just turned seventy). He was much in evidence in the V-E Day celebrations in Moscow and full of rhetorical nostalgia for wartime comrades.

When a Foreign Office junior minister summoned the Soviet ambassador to rebuke him for Mr. Gorbachev's speech accusing the West of having colluded with Hitler to destroy Soviet socialism, Mr. Healey was on the air not long afterward dismissing the poor junior minister as "Mr. Reagan's call-boy." The BBC interviewer failed, for some reason, to ask him whether he remembered the Stalin-Hitler pact and the dismemberment of Poland.

In another BBC interview, Mr. Healey declared that Mr. Reagan's refusal to meet with Willy Brandt while on his German trip was an "outrage," since in Mr. Healey's view the former chancellor was not just a German politician but a "world statesman." He could have added, but didn't, that Brandt was the author of the disastrous Ostpolitik, and that he had to step down in disgrace when his close assistant Günter Guillaume was exposed as an East German spy, after Brandt had ignored repeated warnings to this effect.

The Reagan snub to Brandt naturally caused a sensation in the West German media. What the commentators, Healey included, failed to ask was just why the President of the United States should welcome a chat with a man who has consistently denounced his policies, notably in Central America, opposed the deployment of cruise and Pershing II missiles, and (on November 3, 1984) shared a platform with the CIA defector Philip Agee in an anti-American demonstration.

Indeed, on the same day that President Reagan was addressing a youthful German audience at Hambach, a protégé of Brandt's and his possible successor, Oskar Lafontaine, was a main sponsor of an anti-Reagan rally in the neighboring village of Neustadt.

I almost forgot to mention that Mr. Healey was once a member of Britain's Communist Party; that he approved the so-called Rapacki Plan of the mid-1950s for a denuclearized zone in Europe; and that he wholeheartedly backed his then prime minister, Harold Wilson, when the latter decided on the withdrawal of British forces east of Suez in 1968. Whose call-boy does that make Denis Healey?

TO RETURN to the main substance of this postscript, I must say that what concerned me most was the outburst of anti-Americanism that accompanied the visit, and of which the Bitburg incident was unfortunately the trigger. Even the formerly sound London *Daily Telegraph* (which seems these days to have been taken over by misguided young liberals) ran a flippant editorial, in effect telling both Mr. Reagan and Mr. Gorbachev to go home and be good boys.

Of all the dangerous trends, this is surely the worst. It is one thing to make fun of Bitburg and similar *faux pas*, quite another to try to establish some kind of moral and political equivalence between the elected leader of the world's greatest democracy and the successful infighter who has clawed his way to the top in a conspiratorial and closed autocracy dedicated to our collective destruction.

One of the reproaches leveled at Ronald Reagan, incidentally, was his failure, in his speech before the European Parliament on May 8, to mention the wartime sacrifices of our Soviet allies. Well yes, perhaps that was rather remiss of him. Or perhaps, who knows, he was thinking of the millions murdered by Stalin during World War II (*vide* Nikolai Tolstoy, *Stalin's Secret War*), who helped to swell the total of war dead on the Soviet side, as if Hitler's invading forces had not produced a satisfactory quota of corpses. □

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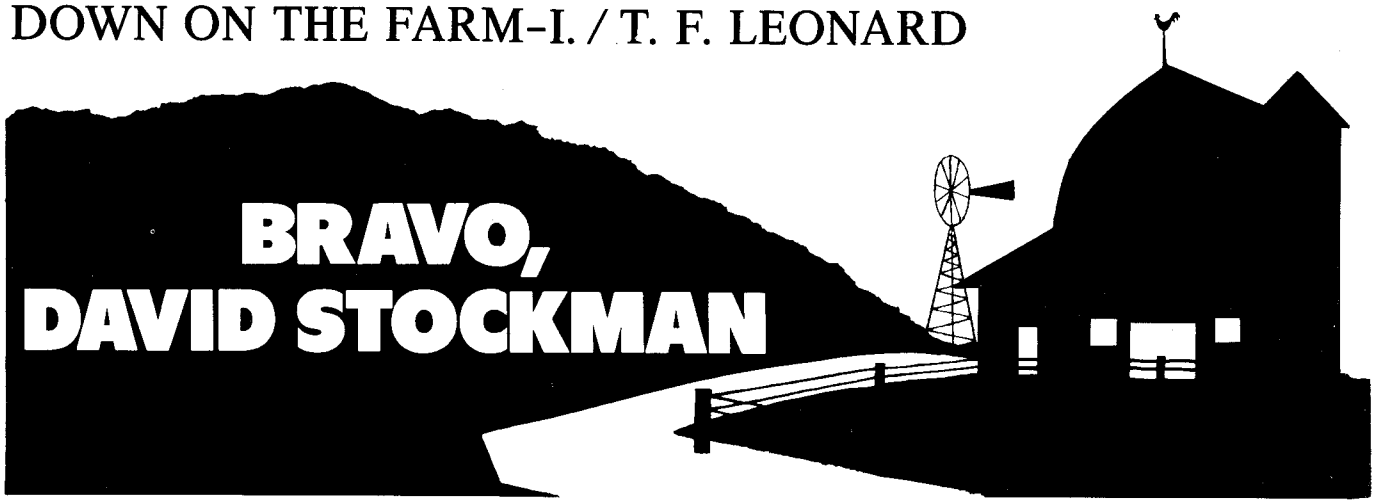
DOWN ON THE FARM-I. / T. F. LEONARD



A NEIGHBOR, call him Steady Eddie, slowed up in his brand-new, two-tone, four-wheel-drive pickup. Steady Eddie just wanted to laugh a little longer as he approached my husband, Bob, who was walking the ground to pick rock before coming onto our field with the planter. Steady Eddie never bothers to pick rock. He clangs and bangs full-tilt over stones and small trees with his brand-new, $6,500 planter. This is rough on machinery, but Steady Eddie doesn't really own his planter, anyway. He had signed for it the previous fall with a deal that put off the payments for six months, no interest, until his next loan came through, courtesy of the American taxpayers. Without these loans, Steady Eddie couldn't keep farming because he is handicapped. He has what is known around here as "new-paint disease." New-paint disease is what keeps a farmer buying great big, brand-new, fancy farm machinery that he doesn't need, and can't pay for, because it makes him feel like a hero, high-rolling past the neighbors on the long haul to a 37-acre plot of poor, sandy ground that he can't afford to farm.

Steady Eddie is not the only farmer in our county who suffers from new-paint disease. Quite a few of them know about all the new government programs before the bureaucrats do, and they line up in front of the farm-loan office the very morning the funds become available. The money, of course, already has been spent. The tax dollars only need be *expected* to be allocated in order for some debt to crop up to justify the taxpayers' generosity. A farmer always has some piece of machinery he's itching to replace or buy outright. New-paint disease is the moral hazard of government loans to farmers. Easy money encourages the overindebtedness it is meant to relieve.

Farmers must walk the fine line between conservative and progressive outlay of capital. Agriculture has changed from a labor-intensive to a capital-intensive industry. In order to compete, modern farmers have to carry more debt than their grandfathers did. The successful ones temper their willingness to invest with a little of Old Grandpaw's prudence. Farmers who can't are in trouble. In 1980, Steady Eddie was still buying up land and four-wheel-drive air-conditioned tractors with stereos because, he said, land here was going to $1,000 an acre, and corn and wheat would soon break the $5- to $6-a-bushel mark. Another farmer said, "Well, I've been farming 35 years and that hasn't happened yet."

Earning the Farm

IT WON'T happen, because the laws of economics defy anyone to make a good living and an excellent return on a big investment by working six months of the year to grow and harvest a crop of corn. Nor can a farmer keep afloat by using technology just to shorten a workday. Fancy machinery makes it tempting to farm on weekends, but a part-time farmer cannot expect to make the machinery pay for itself. Anybody who wants to stick with farming only forty acres had better keep the mule, too. The same crops on the same acres cannot support Old Grandpaw in his retirement and his progeny. Each generation must earn the farm in its turn. A continuous process that favors the most cost-efficient farms (these are not always the largest) sorts out the farms to fallow from the farms to follow.

Farming is a risky business. There are good years and bad years. Farmers must endure the uncertainties of weather, new technology, disease, pests, and politicians. Not all farmers can be winners all the time. When government intervenes to protect farmers from loss, it prevents the market from rewarding farmers for success. Change is rapid; too much shielding is a bad thing. A farmer can't farm wearing blinders, but during the Seventies, many tried. Then high inflation and low real interest rates kept farmers' net worths bullish on paper. It seemed investments didn't have to provide cash-flow; prospects gleamed rosily even if a farmer produced nothing. Many farmers who are in trouble today didn't lose their shirts farming. They lost their shirts speculating on land. It looked like everything was going to hell in a handcart, but a guy could make a buck getting there. Steady Eddie and his lender bet the farm that President Reagan couldn't stay the course. Steady Eddie lacked faith. And if there's one thing a farmer has to have, it's faith.

Faith can't be legislated. Neither can wisdom. But how many times can the American taxpayers be asked to bail out those who refuse to learn the most basic economic facts? What goes up must come down, etc. The unpalatable truth is that many farmers every bit as earnest and attached to their land as Gil and Jewell Ivy in the movie *Country* are being foreclosed upon for loans they never should have taken out in the first place. Billions and billions of dollars' worth of emergency loans already have been made, to no avail. A

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good housecleaning is long overdue out here in the heartland, and the Federal Government cannot afford to postpone the day of reckoning any longer.

I speak for the two-thirds of American farmers who think to themselves, "Bravo, David Stockman," and then quietly go back to their work. I speak for the two-thirds of American farmers who get on nicely without government handouts, who are busy with spring planting, who therefore will not be circling the White House on tractors. I speak for the vast majority of American farmers who herald a return to market-oriented agriculture, which allows private action based upon the laws of supply and demand, rather than government direction, to determine production, price, and promotion of our commodities.

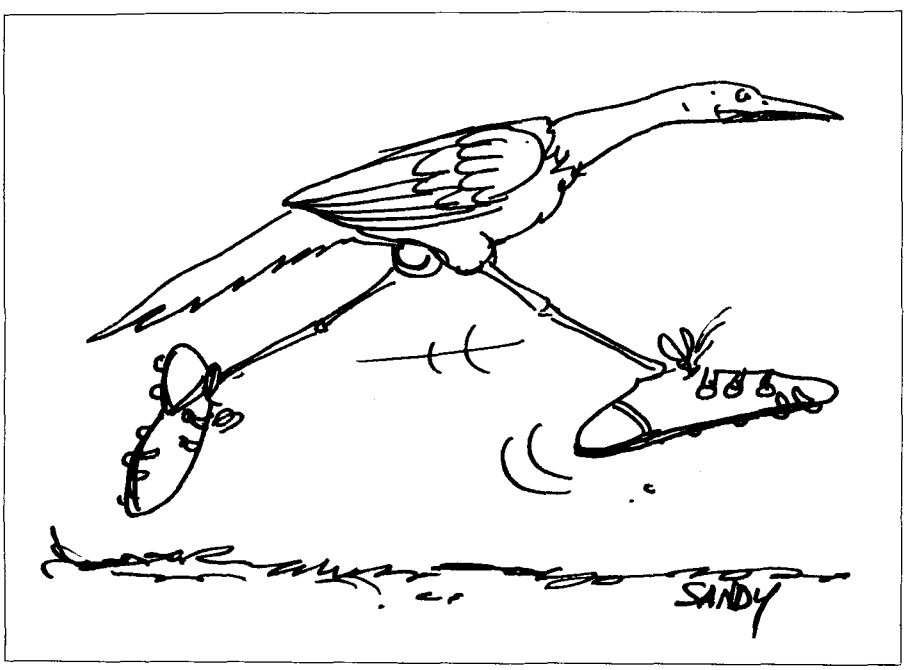
If farmers voted their short-term interests, they all would pull the big lever next to the little donkey. When Uncle Sam is greasing the wheels, the economy can show some hellish spurts. Like during the Seventies: Farmers went nuts buying land and equipment; dealers couldn't keep pace and sold by quota; some manufacturers overexpanded. But wise farmers, and their wise suppliers, knew that business at a land-office pace wouldn't last. It couldn't last. Those were not normal times.

These are normal times. Uncle Sam is no longer luring back to the land those who seek lifestyle, romance, and tax advantages. Lenders no longer encourage would-be farmers who are already floundering to try to fix things by going deeper in debt. The sorting process, continuous in any healthy, progressive economic sector, now is discouraging those who for many years were willing to operate at a loss.

Ag Lags

What is important to remember is that ag lags. The agricultural sector is slower to go into a recession (that's why Steady Eddie still was piling up debt in 1980), and it is slower to come out. Farmers can lead the way to make the Reagan Revolution complete, or they can try to turn back the clock to what only seemed like better times.

Remember the uproars over pesticides, fertilizers, antibiotics, technology? Remember consumer rights, labor rights, animal rights, and water rights? Remember well-fed suburbanites carrying signs that read, "Food Is for People Not for Profit"? Those people and their agendas haven't gone away: They are in Washington right now, with Jessica Lange and Jane Fonda, lobbying for bailouts for farmers. Later on, when farm income rallies again, as it did in the mid-Seventies, they will lobby for intervention that favors consumers instead of producers. Their allegiance is not to farmers but to big government. Study the history of U.S. farm policy and note this: The more government becomes involved with agriculture, the more and greater powers it soon usurps in all phases of our lives.



Farm-reform movements always have been vulnerable to championing and betrayal by lovers of big government. This is because farmers work eight-day weeks, bouncing over rough ground on hard seats, and sometimes, with the stress and fatigue and loneliness, their self-esteem falters. Then farmers wonder whether they're valiant, rugged, entrepreneurial stewards of the land, or mere boorish, overworked victims in need of a union. But unions aren't the answer, because farmers are employers, not employees. Opportunity is abundant in the heartland, but farmers see too many who want positions and too few who want to work. Rural America cannot afford to cultivate among its young the attitude, "Well, if they're giving handouts, I may as well put my hand out like everyone else." Work enables all Americans to create and contribute, not just farmers. America's traditional values are rooted in churches, not barns. Farmers must turn a profit farming, or we'll all be as bankrupt as the notion that farmers are society's benefactors and deserve to be rewarded by government largesse.

Controversy could rage for months over how much the government should help farmers already in trouble. Places like Iowa have been buffeted by drought, and land values there skyrocketed higher and fell harder. This much, however, is clear: Government must not help any more farmers get into trouble than it already has.

This spring Bob hauled out of the tool shed his 26-year-old tractor and 47-year-old grain drill. The old drill planted another 250 acres of barley without breaking down. When the inevitable, final breakdown comes, the machine will be replaced with money that's been budgeted for decades. But the old drill and tractor will be there with the rest of the machinery, the newest ten years old, bought used, and brought up to dependable, top condition with a lot of hard work, as long as they do the job.

Bob put in another fine stand of barley in long, gently rolling fields. I looked up and saw, soaring over Bob and his antiques, a flight of T-37 jet trainers, quick, white flashes from the Strategic Air Command base near our farm. On my knees in the garden, I was thankful that all the aircraft flying overhead were friendly—and Steady Eddie slowed up as he drove past. □

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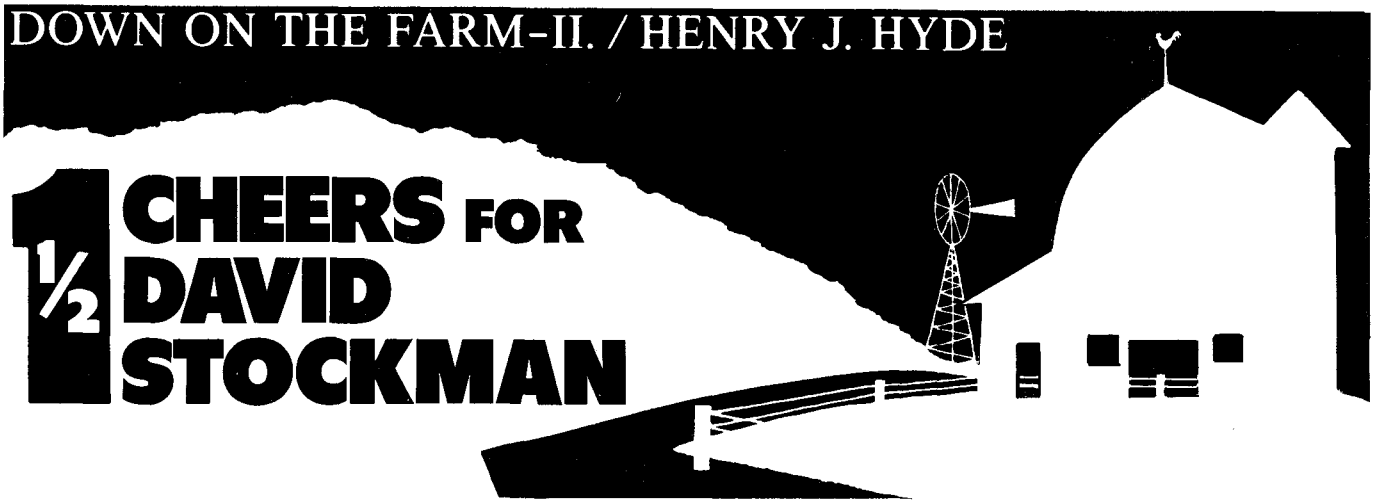
DOWN ON THE FARM-II. / HENRY J. HYDE

1½ CHEERS FOR DAVID STOCKMAN



Those who labor the earth are the chosen of God. —*Thomas Jefferson*

For the life of me, I can't figure out why taxpayers have responsibility to go in and refinance bad debt willingly incurred by consenting adults who went out and bought farmland when prices were going up and thought they could get rich. —*David Stockman*

FEW ISSUES this year have generated more hysteria than the problems of American agriculture. You can be sure that common sense has departed when a congressional panel reverentially takes testimony on the farm crisis from actresses who recently played farm wives in the movies. Tears flowed copiously from the lovely eyes of Jessica Lange, Sissy Spacek, and Jane Fonda as they described their feelings for beleaguered farmers. Miss Fonda's testimony was especially credible—after all, she is the second generation of Fonda thespians to play a farmer. Another sure sign that agriculture is an issue whose time has come: The Catholic bishops have issued a manifesto declaring that the nation's food supply "is now threatened." One suspects that the bishops as a group know about as much as actresses do about farming. In fact, it is not the food supply that is threatened but farmers' incomes because of an *overabundance* of food.

The farm crisis is so vulnerable to charlatanry because it is laden with emotion. From Thomas Jefferson's time to the present hour, Americans have viewed the farmer as especially virtuous, typifying the hard work, moral courage, and staunch independence that are bedrock American values. We find farm foreclosures especially heart-rending, whereas we can complacently accept foreclosures on the homes of everyday citizens or the bankruptcy of small businessmen, equally hard-working people who have gambled and lost their life savings. We lavish sympathy on the American farmer even though he is part of the most highly subsidized and regulated industry in America, even though we spend ever more to support him with a myriad of contradictory federal programs, even though there is no doubt that these programs no longer work, if they ever did.

Failing farmers deserve compassion, but compassion without reason leads to disaster. Farm advocates have a habit of proposing "solutions" that only worsen the basic problems. They recently proposed that farmers overburdened with debt be "helped" by loaning them even more money, though very few people have ever borrowed themselves out of debt. They proposed moratoria on farm foreclosures, which, if passed, would surely finish the job of drying up credit to farmers. Would a banker lend money with no security for its repayment? They proposed that corporations and foreigners be prohibited from buying farmland. This would only lessen demand, lower values, and exacerbate the downward spiral in land values that makes it difficult for farmers to borrow money. Last spring, farm advocates claimed that 15 per cent of American farmers would be unable to get financial aid for planting and would thus be forced out of business. The true figure was less than 5 per cent, not grossly out of proportion to the 6 per cent of nonfarm businesses that will fail this year. From 1930 to 1984, 33 million people left agriculture. This caused personal heartache in virtually every case, but it was the inevitable result of productivity improvements.

The facts about American agriculture are rather startling. Of the 2.4 million farmers in the U.S., 72 per cent have sales of less than $40,000 and are basically part-timers who receive most of their income from off-the-farm jobs. Twenty-eight per cent of the farmers produce 87 per cent of the farm output. The consolidation of the family farm so many people fear has in large part already occurred.

Tears of Boredom

IF AGRICULTURE is an emotional issue, it is also, to many who are not directly involved, a desperately boring one. We can all shed a tear or two over a farm foreclosure, but can we force ourselves to learn what it is that determines a farmer's income? Concepts like parity, price supports, target price, floor price, deficiency payments, Farmers Home Administration loans and guarantees, export promotions, nonrecourse loans, marketing orders, and grain-production statistics of Argentina, Canada, South Africa, and China are mind-numbing to those who are not part of the industry, but they determine the fate of American agriculture.

While it is easy to dismiss those who weep for the farmers as demagogues or dilettantes seeking to obtain a little free publicity, it is also too easy to dismiss altogether American agriculture's plight. Certainly not all, but indeed many, of those farmers who are now in financial trouble are primarily responsible for their own plight. After all, no one forced them to sign the mortgage notes now being foreclosed;

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no one compelled them to buy the most expensive combine with air conditioning and stereo.

Most farmers did not take on excessive debt and are in sound financial condition. Yet, sympathy is not entirely out of place for those in trouble. The government, not the farmer, created the inflation of the Seventies that led to grossly inflated prices for farmland. The bankers contributed to the crisis by pushing as hard as they could to lend to farmers domestically and to Third World food consumers internationally. The individual farmer bears little if any personal responsibility for the low prices of most commodities he grows. Nor did he personally cause the high value of the dollar, which inhibits his exports, or the increasing production of wheat and corn by foreign countries.

We rightly sympathize with failed farmers just as we do with anyone whose praiseworthy ambitions are blasted. But that sympathy must not obscure the fact that the very policies demanded by those who claim to be the farmers' champions are in fact the cause of the alarming decline of American agriculture over the past decade and threaten its destruction in the next decade.

Many farmers will admit that government programs are destructive. However, like any businessman in financial trouble, the farmer cares about survival today, not prosperity ten years from now. On an issue as important to the entire country as food, one might expect that the executive branch, and perhaps even Congress, would weigh the longer-term interests of the industry and the public at large in maintaining international competitiveness, against the short-term demands of those in immediate financial trouble. But emotion and the clout of the farm lobby cause the government to adopt short-term palliatives instead of long-term solutions.

The Money Trough

MANY AMERICANS believe that two of the things we do really well are grow food and build airplanes. Certainly American agriculture is productive. That is a large part of American agriculture's problem—it produces too much of many commodities, too expensively. The almost incredible fecundity of our farm industry is attributable in part to God—fertile land, plentiful water, good weather—in part to man's ingenuity—irrigation, advanced farming techniques, biotechnology, and heavy capital investment.

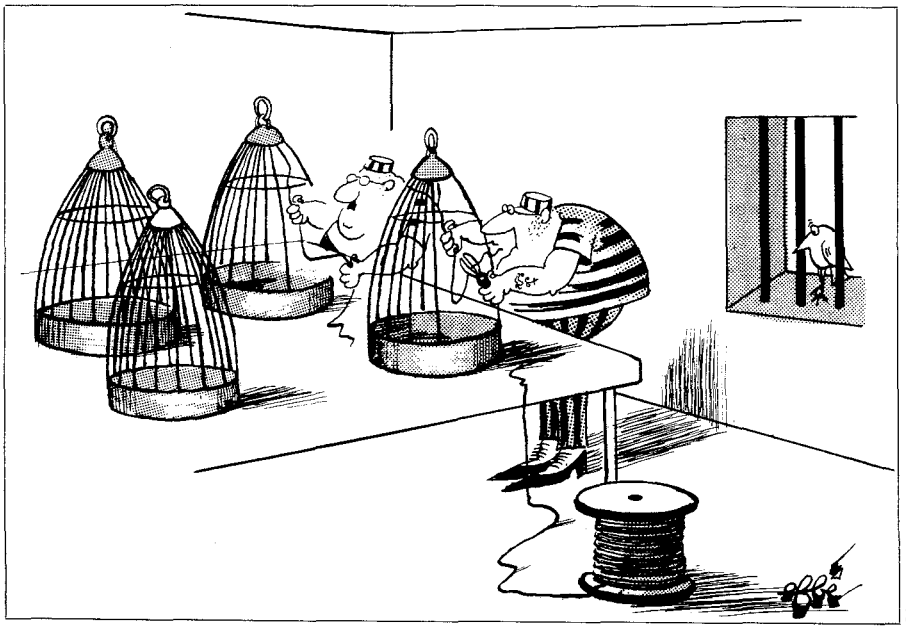
All these factors are important, but perhaps most crucial to the state of American agriculture are the virtually limitless government programs designed to increase the farmers' income. These programs have succeeded in producing huge quantities of all sorts of food and have enriched some large farmers. But they also cost the taxpayer enormous sums of money and are progressively destroying the ability of American agriculture to compete internationally.

The federal programs designed to help farmers are stunning in their number, their size, and their conflicting purposes. If anything can prove that such programs do not work, it is the failure of those that already exist. The two principal culprits are the tax code and direct subsidies.

The tax code is filled with breaks for farmers. The hog industry, for example, was disrupted by Congress's decision in 1978 to define buildings used to raise hogs not as buildings but as "unitary hog-raising facilities" eligible for the investment tax credit. Pork producers loved it and applauded the accelerated depreciation they were allowed in 1981. But they failed to see that it would encourage a rush of taxpayer-subsidized expansion into the hog business by nonfarm corporations and investor syndicates. In the last five years, 30 per cent of the nation's hog producers have gone out of business. The pattern is similar for many commodities where tax benefits have encouraged over-investment. This leads to the substitution of capital for labor and to larger mechanized farms that compete with smaller, less subsidized "family farms."

The tax code is by no means the sole culprit. Tax programs seek to stimulate production, but farm programs seek to increase prices and pay farmers not to grow food. The Reagan Administration has been widely criticized for lack of compassion toward the family farmer, but, in fact, it has been generous to a fault. The direct cost to the U.S. Government of all commodity programs under the 1981 Farm Bill, which this President signed, will be about $63 billion for the period 1982 to 1986. This compares with $12.7 billion for the period 1974 to 1978 and $27.7 billion for the period 1978 to 1982.

The Federal Government directly subsidizes the American farmer in two principal ways. First, it sets a minimum sale price for certain crops, buying crops if market prices fall below that floor price. Second, it gives farmers a direct cash subsidy pegged to a government-set target price. When the market price is below the target price but above the floor price, the farmer sells his crop at the market price and the government pays him a subsidy equal to the difference between that and the target price. USDA commodity programs long ago reached the point of Kafkaesque absurdity. Honey price-support payments will run about $94 million in 1985, exceeding the market val-



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ue of all the honey produced in the United States. Milk price supports are far above market value, and many dairy farmers produce much of their milk not for any human consumer but for the government, whose stocks of butter and cheese are Himalayan. The USDA spends the equivalent of nine-tenths of the value of the rice crop in subsidies to that industry. It paid farmers $10 billion in 1984 to idle more than seventy million acres of farmland.

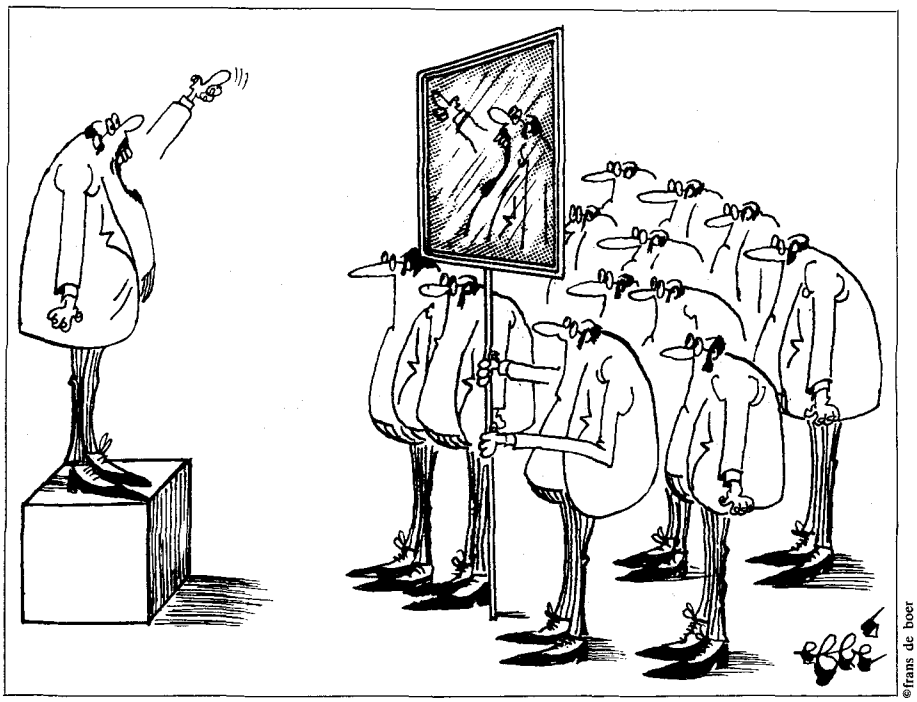
Yet at the same time other countries are expanding their production, undercutting our prices, and seizing foreign markets. Thus they get the benefits of our production cutbacks. We are abandoning world markets because government programs 1) increase the prices to domestic producers far above the world market, thus discouraging exports, and 2) simultaneously seek to reduce production, ensuring that foreign producers will fill the void.

This trend is particularly alarming because of the dependence of American farmers on exports—about 40 per cent of U.S. food production goes overseas. Wheat producers are especially concerned—their share of the world market is 44 per cent smaller than it was last year. Moreover, world food consumption is increasing more slowly than world food production.

At the same time as these programs deprive American farmers of foreign markets, they drive up the prices paid by American consumers. Dairy price supports and marketing restrictions increase the price of a gallon of milk by 18 cents. The sugar program forces American consumers to pay four times the world price. The Senate Budget Committee estimated in 1982 that federal programs caused farmers to receive four dollars in indirect payments from consumers for every dollar the farmer got in direct government aid.

Credit Crunch

HOWEVER INEFFECTIVE and expensive the farm programs are, the prognosis is very poor for change that will make U.S. agriculture healthy. The farm credit crisis, which is really just the credit crisis of those who borrowed excessively in the Seventies, will not go away no matter what the government does. More credit will only exacerbate the problem. Higher prices for farm produce are the hope of those in trouble, but world food surpluses



are increasing, and former purchasers like China and Western Europe are becoming large producers and exporters. This makes higher prices unlikely.

Many of the commodity groups and many farmers want more of the same, not less. The farm lobby is so powerful (its PACs donated more to congressmen in 1984 than even the defense industry's) that Administration proposals gradually to shift away from the current approach to a market-oriented policy were dead on arrival at Capitol Hill. This situation is not likely to change. Farmers are relatively small in number, but they are strategically located and politically potent. The White House and Republicans in Congress are terrified that the Democrats will use the farm issue to seize Senate and House seats in the Midwest in 1986.

Yet if we maintain the current programs, American agriculture's decline will continue. Our exports have already fallen by one-fifth since their peak in the Seventies. The erosion of our market share for many crucial commodities such as wheat and rice has been even more precipitous. This trend is continuing and accelerating. And most shocking of all, we risk losing our domestic market to foreign imports. Only adverse publicity and political pressure prevented giant Cargill from importing Argentine wheat to sell to Midwestern millers. This may seem like carrying coals to Newcastle, but it reflected the reality of the marketplace—American farmers are pricing themselves out of business.

If we want to preserve American agriculture's competitiveness, we should look to those crops that have been successful to determine what government policies should be adopted. And there have been some successes. Soybeans have been America's most successful export crop in recent years. This is because soybeans have less government protection than other crops like wheat, rice, and corn. Soybean price supports are set at the average price of the previous five years, far lower than for other crops. This provides a realistic floor for producers without discouraging exports.

Agriculture is not so different from any other industry. Those who cannot or will not compete will be driven out of business. Unless the United States cuts back on the subsidies, regulation, and price supports, our agriculture will come to resemble Japan's—possessing no export markets and surviving domestically only because of import restrictions and tariffs. The best thing the government can do is reduce the tax advantages that encourage over-investment in agriculture by nonfarmers, reduce the deficit, which keeps interest rates and the dollar high, and cut back on the price-support programs that set a floor under grain, rice, and cotton prices.

Of course, no pain, no gain. But the sooner we start, the less pain for everybody. □

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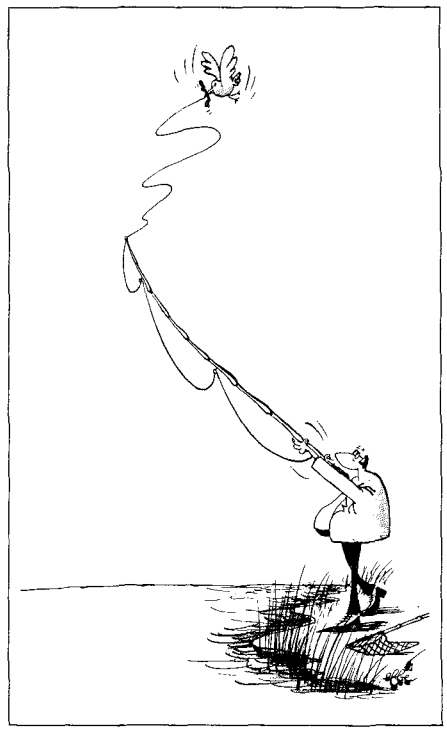
CENTRAL AMERICA'S BIG BROTHER

THE UNITED STATES and Mexico seem to have similar hopes for Central America. Both nations want economic growth and political stability for the region. Those conditions would make for friendly neighbors, provide good trade opportunities for both of the larger nations, and contribute to the Western Hemisphere's security against non-democratic political pressures. The differences are over how to realize these hopes. Mexico's President Miguel de la Madrid and Foreign Minister Bernardo Sepúlveda claim that Central America's instability stems from lack of economic opportunity for the working class and lack of social justice, their term for welfare programs. But if those were the only causes, Mexico itself, confronted by high unemployment, inflation, and the discontent evidenced by the migration of millions of Mexicans to the United States, would be rent by guerrilla warfare.

Both Mexican leaders deny that the on-going hostilities in Central America spring from the conflict between the Soviet Union's expansionist foreign policy and the United States' concern over hemispheric security. Both the Mexican media and the Mexican government seem aware of a U.S. presence in Central America but unaware of a Nicaraguan presence in Salvadoran guerrilla camps, of Cubans in the Nicaraguan armed forces, or of Soviets in both the military and civilian sectors of Cuba's government. The failure of Mexican officialdom to acknowledge the easily discernible role of Moscow and Havana inside Central America makes it impossible for Mexico City and the United States to formulate a bi-national approach to Central America's problems.

Central America, approximately the size of California in both area and population, unfortunately does not have California's gross domestic product. It is economically stagnant, which has led some of its people to listen to the



siren call of the Marxists, though not nearly as many as some of our media —and some of the Mexican media— indicate.

Before the onslaught of the Communist guerrillas in 1980, tiny El Salvador was nurturing a light-industrial sector. Even today, after guerrillas have destroyed 40 per cent of the country's electric power, Salvadorans continue to operate tractor, bicycle, petrochemical, and computer-assembly plants. The Communist guerrillas, under the label Revolutionary Democratic Front, refused to take part in the internationally monitored elections for a constituent assembly in 1982, for the presidency in 1984, or for the local governments and the General Assembly on March 17 of this year. Since they cannot win at the ballot box, they instead threaten death to those who do vote, a threat that so far has failed to keep Salvadoran voters from the polls.

Do Mexican newspapers report the Salvadoran voters' courage? Only a few of them, such as *El Sol de México* in Mexico City, *El Norte* in Monterrey, and *Vanguardia* in Saltillo. The major papers, including the very professional and well-written leading daily, *Excélsior*, ignore it or play it down. But they wrote about the Sandinista victory in Nicaragua as if the Sandinistas had a mandate. Missing from Mexican media coverage of the Nicaraguan election were these facts: The campaign leading up to the November 1984 balloting was bogus. The non-Marxist minor parties got no space in the Sandinista newspapers, *Barricada* and *Nuevo Diario*. And the Nicaraguan radio stations are controlled by the government.

The Nicaraguan supreme electoral tribunal reported on November 30, 1984, that the National Liberation Sandinista Front got 735,000 of the 1.1 million votes cast. That gave the Sandinistas 67 per cent of the presidential vote and 61 of the 96 seats in the powerless Congress. If we ignore the fraudulent campaign, in which all anti-Marxist parties save one were decertified, we might agree with the leftist claim that the vote was legitimate. Even so, that means one-third of the Nicaraguan voters had the courage to vote against the Marxist government. The Mexican media never mentioned that.

Un-News

BUT THEN, the Mexican media are generally selective about the news they choose to cover in Nicaragua. Mexican television gave great play to Daniel Ortega and Miguel d'Escoto last November when they denied that Soviet tanks were arriving in Nicaragua, until a French TV crew filmed the unloading of those tanks. Then the story suddenly became un-newsworthy.

That Nicaragua has built a military force of 88,000 regular soldiers plus

Mr. Alisky is a professor of political science at Arizona State University.

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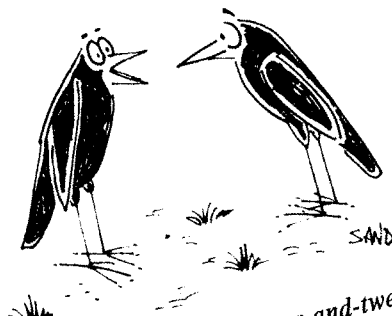
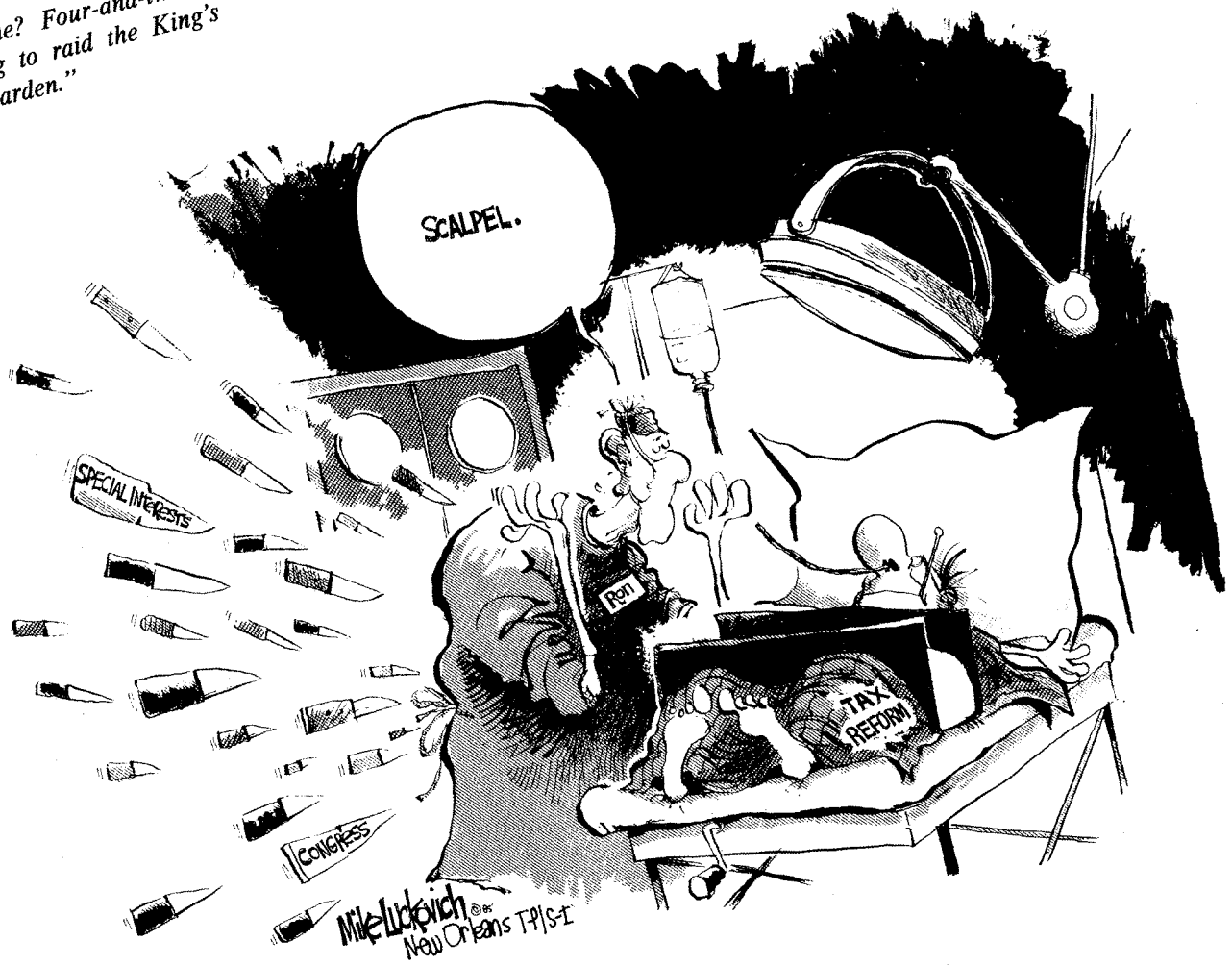
helo !!!



"Wanna join me? Four-and-twenty of us are going to raid the King's garden."



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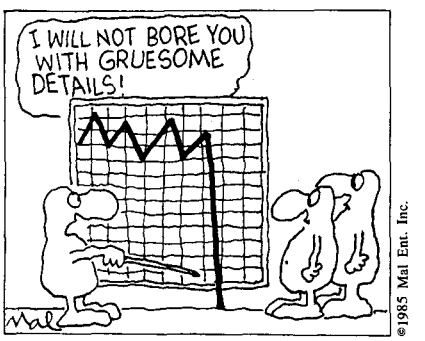
"I was afraid of this—they're all trivia questions."

Shedding Season

Each year, the common garter snake
Will give itself an extra shake,
Along with all its kith and kin,
And slither out of last year's skin.
The Democratic Party, too,
Intent upon a broader view,
Is shaking like a rumba band,
But so far no one's quit the stand.

W. H. von Dreele



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100,000 reservists in a nation of only 2.6 million gets little or no play. Nor does the fact that Nicaragua's neighbors include defenseless Costa Rica to the south, a free nation without any armed forces, and to the north El Salvador, a tiny country torn by guerrillas who get their arms from the Sandinistas. Also to the north is Honduras, whose elected civilian chief executive, Roberto Suazo, has been careful not to provoke heavily armed Nicaragua. Only when U.S. troops went on maneuvers in Honduras did the country seem less vulnerable vis-à-vis its heavily armed neighbor.

The Coco River forms part of the boundary between Nicaragua and Honduras. Just south of that river are the ancestral homelands of the Miskito-Zumo Indians, who have lived there since before the coming of the Spanish explorers. I visited the Waspán Zumo headquarters some years ago and found the people to be gentle and peace-loving. These Indians, the Sandinistas have killed, dispersed, jailed, and sent into exile in order to establish a *cordon sanitaire*. But I looked in vain for any word of criticism from the Mexican government.

Miskitos v. *Hopis*

If we Americans uprooted the Navajos and the Hopis from *their* sacred ancestral lands in Arizona, the UN would certainly hold a special session to condemn the action, and probably rightly so. Certainly the Mexican media would be burning with anger. But the Sandinistas' treatment of the Miskitos did not provoke official or journalistic anger in Mexico, a nation that prides itself on its Indian origins and on the Indian base of its composite Spanish-Indian or *mestizo* culture.

Why do Mexico's government officials support the Salvadoran Communist guerrillas and the Marxist Sandinista government of Nicaragua? To be sure, Mexico has dealt kindly with President José Duarte of El Salvador, especially since he began to negotiate with the guerrilla front. President Duarte, an intelligent and capable leader, understands the dynamics of U.S. politics, and realizes that such negotiation —if he does not give power to those who would destroy him—helps guarantee that liberals in the U.S. House of Representatives will not oppose aid to his government.

When President Duarte communicates with Mexico, he uses the vocabulary of revolution itself. He knows that Mexico's leaders want to reaffirm their allegiance to the Mexican Revolution, always written with a patriotic big "R" to distinguish the current program of on-going reforms from the petty military struggles that took place before 1910.

The Mexican Revolution inside the Mexican political system means an institutionalized series of social reforms and welfare programs, and a mixed public/private economy with the government a partner in some major industries and the owner of others (including petroleum, electric power, railroads, airlines, and motion pictures). Mexico's leaders get into office by praising the concept of revolution. Social revolution is the political vocabulary of all its political parties, including the conservative opposition National Action Party (PAN). The phrase "Mexican Revolution" has become an article of faith in public life.

Fortunately, Mexico started its own revolution seven years before the Bolsheviks took power in Moscow. By the time the Soviet Communists had stabilized their power at home and begun encouraging a collectivized world, the Mexican Revolution was a nationalistic success.

In the Twenties, Mexico's leaders squelched Communist attempts to gain power within the Mexican Revolution or even to encroach upon its homegrown slogans and formulas for public policy.

In 1921, when Governor Felipe Carrillo Puerto of the state of Yucatán, head of the Mexican Socialist Party, tried to convert the revolutionary leaders in his state to the new Communist Party, President Alvaro Obregón sent an army to overturn his government and chase his followers out of the state. The Marxists were decimated. That pattern was repeated whenever the revolutionary coalition was challenged by pro-Moscow forces.

The Mexican revolutionary coalition now includes the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), the top levels of federal and state government administrators, officials of the Mexican Federation of Labor (CTM), and leaders of the Federation of Industrial Chambers and of the Federation of Chambers of Commerce, the last two entities representing organized management.

No politician has been able to gain any significant office in Mexico without publicly pledging allegiance to the Revolution. The mystique of the Revolution has even affected Mexico's foreign-policy posture: Organized forces anywhere in Latin America who claim to be fighting for a social revolution have a claim on Mexico's sympathy. School textbooks, radio soap operas, and TV talk shows all reiterate that view.

Sheiks of Mexico

Publicly, Mexican leaders assert that any social revolution would better the lives of workers elsewhere in Latin America. Privately some of these leaders concede that if Marxists should consolidate power in El Salvador and Nicaragua, the new regimes would find Mexico's oilfields a tempting target. Mexico admits to 72 billion barrels of petroleum reserves and may have 100 billion—Latin America's Saudi Arabia. These reserves are located in Mexico's southernmost states, separated from El Salvador only by Guatemala, which itself has seven or eight billion barrels of petroleum reserves, making it a second target.

Many Mexican leaders also privately concede that despite future risk, Mexico's immediate need is to co-opt its own alienated Left, including those living at the marginal level. Fortunately for the Revolution, the U.S., with its unguarded border, provides a safety valve against violent explosion inside Mexico by draining off millions of Mexicans who find temporary jobs here and send their earnings back home to their families. So Mexican politicians can continue to placate their own Left. But in the process they engage in news management, which does harm in the long run to themselves and to others.

Mexican media and government officials invariably describe the Marxist Sandinistas as "progressive" or "liberal" and the Communist guerrillas of El Salvador as "democratic" or "leftist." If these Mexican politicians and journalists had been alive in 1912 when the *Titanic* struck an iceberg, they would have asserted that a luxury liner had stopped to take on ice.

Perhaps the language of diplomacy must always be polite. But euphemisms that are self-deceiving serve no one but the enemies of freedom. □

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QUICK-FIX HUMANITARIANISM

We are the world,
We are the children.
We are the ones who make a brighter day,
So let's start giving.

YOU'VE HEARD the song. You've seen the video. Perhaps you've even seen the movie on the making of the video. Fifty or so of America's leading pop singers, calling themselves U.S.A. for Africa, assembled to record a tune to raise money for the relief of famine in Ethiopia. The whole enterprise—from the choice of lyrics, to the prom-night atmosphere of the recording session, to the self-congratulatory inanities of the participants—altogether forms a serviceable metaphor for the lazy innocence and ignorance of America in the world. It would be so comforting to think, as this song and its accompanying atmospherics suggest, that all we need do to relieve suffering humanity is rouse our consciences and dig into our pockets. But the truth is that our consciences (if not our wits) are fully awake. The same cannot be said of the criminal Marxist regime in Addis Ababa, which is deliberately starving and strafing its own people. We are not the world, but we are most assuredly the children.

Seven million Ethiopians are in danger of slow death by starvation in the next 12 months—if they do not succumb first to exposure, disease, or bullets fired by government troops. Hundreds of thousands have already perished. This is not an act of God. It is a most unnatural disaster. All of sub-Saharan Africa has suffered a serious drought, but only in Ethiopia have people been intentionally starved to death.

In 1982, the Ethiopian Relief and Rehabilitation Commission issued a report predicting the impending famine. The regime of Mengistu Haile-Mariam was unperturbed. Many of the victims would be rebellious Tigreans and Eritreans, about whom the Marxist government was, to say the least, unsentimental. Almost as soon as the world learned of the scale of the famine, stories also began to surface about government obstruction of relief efforts. Convoys of food from Western nations were halted in the mountains of the north. Refugees fleeing into the Sudan were bombed and strafed by the Ethiopian air force. In 1984, while the West was mobilizing resources to cope with the emerging disaster, the Mengistu government staged an enormous pageant in Addis Ababa to celebrate ten years of Marxist rule. Attention at the parade naturally centered on the towering portrait of Mengistu, but there were toasts as well for visiting dignitaries Grigory Romanov of the USSR and Erich Honecker of East Germany. Estimates put the cost of the party at $250 million.

Sub-Saharan Mao

THEN AGAIN, even if Mengistu had plowed all of that money into agriculture instead, it would have done little to alleviate the famine so long as his government's agricultural policies were still followed. Under Mengistu, Ethiopia has pursued agricultural collectivization with a ferocity unseen since Mao. And collectivization has spawned there what it spawns everywhere: declining productivity. Denied seed, fertilizer, and fair prices since the introduction of state farms and coerced cooperatives, private farmers have taken to producing only enough to feed themselves and no more. The state farms, meanwhile, have been lavishly funded by Addis Ababa, but, like the skinny cows in Pharaoh's dream, they have consumed the fat cows and yet remained skinny. State farms absorb 90 per cent of the available resources and produce 6 per cent of the nation's food. Timorous Americans balk at the suggestion that Mengistu's Communist agricultural policies are responsible for the famine. They point to the war in Eritrea and Tigre provinces and to the drought. But this is to confuse proximate cause with cause in fact. It is like setting sail in a paper boat and blaming the drowning on the wind and the waves.

Of course, fixing blame becomes secondary when lives are at stake. Consistently with a long tradition of munificence, the United States responded early and generously to the danger of starvation. Before the first strains of "We Are the World" wafted across the airwaves, the United States Government, along with private voluntary organizations, had undertaken a massive emergency relief operation far outstripping that of any other nation. Figures on cereal-food aid pledged as of January 1985 demonstrate the disproportion. The United States donated two million tons of wheat, rice, and coarse grains. No other country comes close. Next on the list is the combined contribution of the European Economic Community, at 1.3 million. Cuba has contributed five thousand troops to Ethiopia—but not a stalk of wheat. The USSR has weighed in with 3,500 tons of rice.

To list the Soviet contribution of food aid, however, is not to do justice to its contribution to the Ethiopian famine. The USSR has provided the Ethiopian regime with 12 military transport planes for use in the massive resettlement program undertaken by Mengistu to depopulate the provinces of Eritrea and Tigre. The policy has been so brutal in conception and so ruthless in execution that even conscientiously neutral private groups have issued public complaints. It's food as bait. The starving are lured to feeding centers by reports of Western aid packages and then loaded by the thousands

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onto Soviet transports and flown south. The planes fly without pressurization and are reportedly so insanitary that they are spreading cholera to the densely packed passengers. Families are separated and possessions confiscated. The people are told that upon arrival in the south, they will be directed to fecund farmland, with equipment and draft animals. In fact, they find nothing in the south but others of the relocated —their own insubstantial shadows.

The Soviets boast to the world press of the trucks they have contributed to famine relief. They have indeed supplied three hundred military transport trucks, but these serve the relocation program, not the saving of lives. Moreover, the Soviets insist that each truck be manned by Soviet drivers (three per truck), who are to be paid a per diem rate far higher than they would get in the USSR. The Ethiopians resent the tribute exacted by Moscow, but they are able to pay it (in hard currency) by devising ingenious fundraising techniques. Ships loaded with grain to feed the starving are required to pay a port-entry fee at Assab of $12.60 per ton. At least two grain-laden ships from West Germany are known to have been turned away because they could not manage the fee. By the end of 1985, his starving people will have earned Mengistu about $15 million—some percentage of which will have been used to pay the Soviet drivers who have helped to resettle and destroy the Eritreans and Tigreans.

Pop Singers, Pop Politics

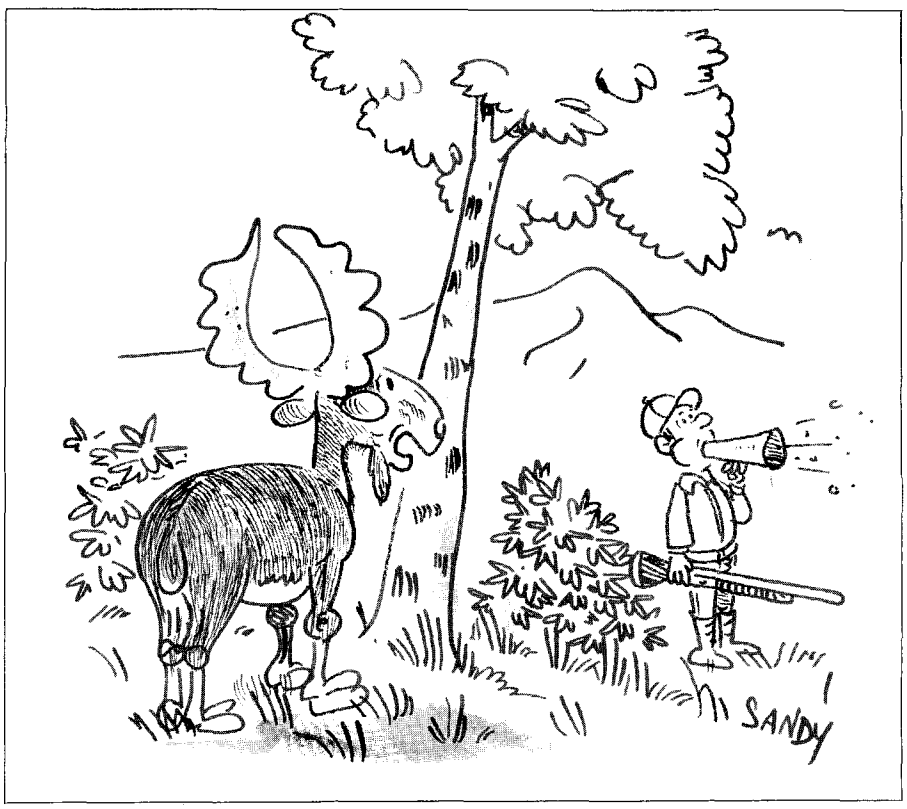
And in America they are singing, "We are the world, we are the children . . ." The hour-long movie on the recording of this song has proved the most popular feature in the history of Home Box Office. It is introduced by Jane Fonda, who calls the song "the most idealistic event in entertainment history," which may be both true and faint praise. Even without the discrediting presence of Jane Fonda, it would be foolish to expect anything other than pop politics from pop singers. Nor is a certain amount of big-hearted naïveté among the uninformed anything to lose sleep over. But what the singers were told about their cause before the downbeat casts a different light on the spirit imbuing the venture. Bob Geldorf, the organizer of a similar British fundraising effort, addressed the singers as follows: "I don't want to bring anybody down, but I think you all ought to know why you're here. There is a crime of historic proportions going on right now. And it's an indictment of us. The West has billions of tons of grain bursting in silos, and we refuse to give it to those who are literally starving to death. So try to think about that as you sing." They sang—but there is no evidence that any of them tried to think.

Their Crimes, Our Guilt

The prestige press (overcoming a slow start) has been surprisingly thorough in reporting the famine in Ethiopia. The *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the weekly news magazines, *Nightline*, and other outlets have carried stories about the Mengistu government's interference with aid to the starving. But the habit of guilt is ingrained in our national life. Rock stars, and no doubt millions of those who watch *The Making of "We Are the World"* on cable television, or warble along with the song on the radio, are predisposed to believe that if people are starving, it must be our fault. The reflex to flagellate ourselves for true mistakes is damaging enough. But blaming ourselves for the depredations of our enemies may well prove suicidal. They have crimes enough to keep us guilt-ridden for centuries.

We have the sorry spectacle today of the United States Government, in the person of Peter McPherson, director of the Agency for International Development, pleading with the head of the Ethiopian Relief and Rehabilitation Commission not (as one might expect) for help with the Western-sponsored relief efforts, but to *cease interfering* with the flow of food to the starving men, women, and children in rebel-held areas of the country. That meeting took place on March 11, 1985, in Geneva. On April 28, Mengistu gave his answer. Ethiopian government troops rolled into Ibnat, the largest feeding center in the country, where some sixty thousand emaciated people were being fed and cared for by Western relief workers, and burned it to the ground. Thirty thousand of the refugees are still unaccounted for.

Those who produced the giddy, lighter-than-air anthem of quick-fix humanitarianism, "We Are the World," and all those who sing along in spirit, doubtless feel that they are raising the consciousness of their insensitive fellow Americans. If so, they owe America an apology. □



"And I thought we *had a weird mating call."*

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THE WHITE MOUNTAIN PLAN

A HISTORY OF the MX-missile controversy might make interesting reading if one had a lot of time to kill and a sense of humor that ran toward extended perusals of the *Congressional Record*. Without these prerequisites, however, it would prove to be a long and frustrating lesson in modern American politics. One thing is certain—the lesson has not yet ended. Debate over the MX will undoubtedly continue until the final stages of deployment. But it now appears fairly certain the long-debated missile will be built and added to the U.S. nuclear arsenal. At this crucial point in the MX's progress through the congressional maze, let us take a deep breath and plunge back into the shades of doubt surrounding America's newest nuclear weapon.

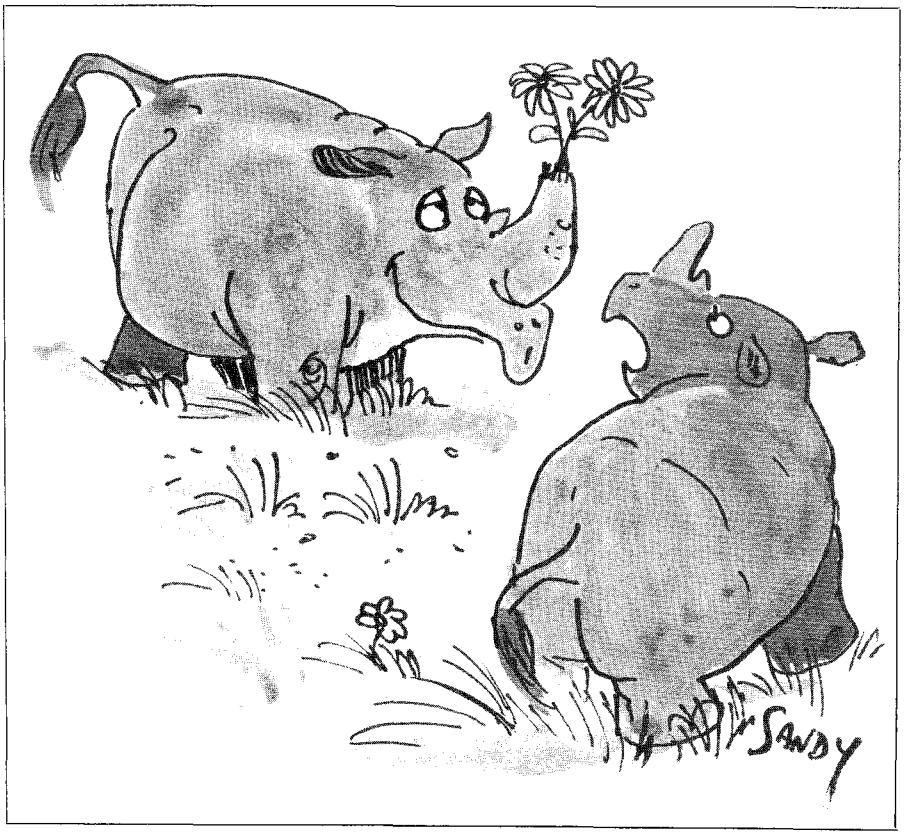
The most fiery point of contention during the congressional debates concerned the basing proposal, which calls for the missiles to be deployed in old Minuteman silos scattered throughout the Western plains. Opponents criticized this strategy as inefficient and vulnerable. This weak basing option, they continued, would jeopardize current nuclear stability, since the Soviets would reason that a vulnerable missile can only be a first-strike weapon. This might, consequently, tempt them into a pre-emptive strike. MX supporters, able to maintain their position against other charges, found themselves hard-pressed to defend the Western silos. Unfortunately, the proposed site seemed to be the only option.

A unique and novel solution to the MX-missile basing problem has now been found. The White Mountain plan, which has never before been revealed to the general public, calls for the deployment of the missiles in the White Mountain National Forest in New Hampshire (specifically, the area immediately north of Lincoln, New Hampshire). The reasoning behind this strategy is compelling.

The greatest strength of the White Mountain plan is its ingenious exploitation of the region's natural terrain. To begin, it may be assumed that a land-based Soviet ICBM attack on the U.S. would be fired over the North Pole. It is known that all Soviet RVs (re-entry vehicles) have a final trajectory of 24 degrees. Many of the mountains in the proposed area have grades of thirty to 35 degrees. If the missiles were emplaced on the southwestern slopes of these mountains, it would be extremely difficult for the Soviets to score any direct hits. To maximize this advantage, the silos would be located at the lowest possible points in valleys between adjacent peaks. Some may object that this would still leave the missiles vulnerable to submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs) fired from the Atlantic Ocean. However, Soviet SLBMs (like Soviet bombers and cruise missiles) do not have the accuracy to pose a credible threat to U.S.-based hard targets at this time, and the Soviets are unlikely to develop this capability within the next 15 years. Even so, the silos would be placed on south*western* slopes to protect against an attack from the Atlantic Ocean.

The advantages of south-slope missile basing in the White Mountains become clearer upon examining a hypothetical Soviet strike. To do the most damage, the incoming missiles would have to skim the south slope of each

(Continues on page 52)



"I don't think it's cute, I think it's kinky."

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HABITS OF THE LEFT-WING HEART

THE JOHN BIRCH Coloring Book, the story is, shows the American eagle without a left wing. The reverse is true of the most curious "important" book of the current publishing season, *Habits of the Heart*, a book six years (and many grants) in the making, by sociologist Robert N. Bellah and four associates. Seeking incongruously to strengthen the American Left, Bellah et al. virtually ignore the entire conservative movement in America. Their American eagle has no right wing; it won't fly.

The backbone of this book is a meditation on Tocqueville's fear that American "individualism" would undermine democracy and lead to a new soft tyranny, an administrative despotism, in which the state would make dependent wards of its citizens. Bellah et al. think this is dangerously close to the current situation. They call (in their own words) for a strengthening of what the American Enterprise Institute calls the "mediating structures" of life—those vital communities in between the state and the individual, such as the family, the union, the workplace, voluntary associations. They also call for a new American patriotism and a sense of national purpose.

Ironically, then, theirs is a profoundly conservative program for the Left. Tocqueville himself was an explicitly anti-socialist writer, almost the very model of what we today mean by a "neoconservative" (it would be hard to identify a writer more often quoted by neoconservatives). The book is redolent with the "Biblical, republican" tradition of America's small-town Protestant (idealized) past.

Martin Marty writes that "It is hard to picture a less fashionable book, one less tuned to the Zeitgeist." This is the exact opposite of the truth. Page after page evokes passages from the collected speeches of Ronald Reagan, Burton Pines's *Back to Basics*, Jerry Falwell's critiques of the empty values of secular humanism, Peter M. Berger and Richard J. Neuhaus's *To Empower People*, William Schambra's essays on Tocqueville and the new public philosophy, or—dare I say it?—my own work on "the communitarian individual in America."

So what has gone wrong? Bellah et al. give President Reagan a highly selective (and falsely drawn) cameo appearance of about eight pages. They dismiss Falwell in three lines. They seriously misstate the views of those they call "neocapitalists," who by no means omit the "political" in "political economy" as Bellah alleges. Those conservatives who speak of the return to traditional values in a new way, appropriate to a new technological era, also oppose radical individualism. And they are nothing if not socially active and working for a "new American vision."

VERY LOOSELY—using them less as "data" than as illustrations—the book is built around interviews with two hundred Americans, mostly white, Protestant, and middle-class, and mostly living in wealthy suburbs in California. A full fourth of the research was done on therapists and their patients. The two organizations of "political activists" most thoroughly interviewed are the (left-wing) Campaign for Economic Democracy, in Santa Monica, and the (left-wing) Institute for Civic Values, in Philadelphia. Conservative voices among the interviewees are rare.

Despite his worries about individualism, Tocqueville wrote:

> Americans of all ages, all conditions, and all dispositions, constantly form associations. They have not only commercial and manufacturing companies, in which all take part, but associations of a thousand other kinds—religious, moral, serious, futile, extensive or restricted, enormous or diminutive. The Americans make associations to give entertainments, to found establishments for education, to build inns, to construct churches, to diffuse books, to send missionaries to the antipodes; and in this manner they found hospitals, prisons, and schools. If it be proposed to advance some truth, or to foster some feeling by the encouragement of a great example, they form a society.

Recent research confirms that the associational impulse of Americans is today as strong as it was in Tocqueville's time, or even stronger. Americans are hardly dying from excessive individualism.

It may be that the well-educated, well-off people Bellah et al. selected "lack a language" for anything but radical individualism. The actual texture of their lives, though, shows that they do not want for rich associational living. It is better to practice virtue than to "have a language" for it.

Why, then, the book's tone of despair? To these authors, the fact that conservative rather than left-wing forces have a more sophisticated and liberating vision of a communitarian future seems to be unknown. The decline of their beloved Left fills them with *Weltschmerz*. One seems to detect personal reasons too. Putting so much stress on the personal lives of two hundred others, the authors might well have cast some autobiographical light upon their own inner journeys. There is more sadness in this book than the data warrant.

Bellah was a teacher of mine at Harvard twenty years ago. I remember arguing strongly then against an article of his on the periodization of history, which presented the emergence of the individual under Protestantism as the high point of history. I esteemed him then and do so today. I wonder, though, what has happened to him to lead him to change his mind so profoundly? I wonder why he ignores the whole right side of the American heart, where his affinities seem to lie. As Tocqueville's do. □

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PORTUGAL'S CRISIS

PRESIDENT REAGAN, a gracious guest, spoke optimistically about the future of Portugal when he visited the country on the last leg of his European journey. But the small country on the Iberian peninsula faces great difficulties that won't disappear when it joins the European Common Market next year. There is bitter fighting between political parties, large-scale corruption, and serious economic stagnation. Portugal, which can boast a glorious past, faces a perilous future.

To many in the Western world, Portugal seems a minor annex of Spain. But 450 years ago Portugal controlled the coasts of Africa, a good part of India, Indonesia, and Malaysia. Portuguese priests founded missions in China and Japan, and Portuguese soldiers conquered Ethiopia and occupied parts of South America's east coast.

Portugal was a monarchy for most of its imperial years, but in 1910 it became a republic—the first country to do so in the twentieth century. Between 1910 and 1926, Portugal had eight presidents and 44 governments. At that point the military stepped in, but it soon realized that it was helpless to untangle the country's financial difficulties, and it invited a professor of economics at the University of Coimbra, Antônio de Oliveira Salazar, to take over. Salazar had been in office only a short while when he informed the military that he could do nothing for the economy unless he controlled all the ministries so that he could regulate their income and expenditures. When the generals refused to grant him this power, Salazar returned to Coimbra. In 1928, with the country facing collapse, the military implored him to return and this time gave him the power he had demanded.

Salazar was a devout Catholic who lived an austere life of utter probity. He didn't do a perfect job, but he did a good one. He was respected, if not loved, by the Portuguese. But unlike his Spanish counterpart, Francisco Franco, Salazar never had complete authority. The military always played a forceful role behind the scenes.

It was content to continue doing so for a while after Salazar's death, but then, in 1974, it took matters into its own hands. Salazar's successor, Marcello Caetano, was deposed in a coup engineered by General Antônio Ribeiro de Spínola, in my view one of the greatest idiots in recent European history. In the ensuing upheaval, Portugal lost all its overseas provinces, which soon saw their successful economies go into a tailspin. The motherland didn't fare much better. By 1974 the country was where it had been in 1910: in chaos.

ONE MILITARY FACTION eventually won out over the others, but it did not know what to do with power having got it. Finally, at the end of its wits, it threw power back to the people—for the time being at least. Only certain university professors, commentators, and journalists could consider this a real "triumph of democracy." But the Portuguese people are not entirely blameless for this state of affairs.

When Spínola toppled Caetano, the masses were euphoric. For the next two years houses in Portuguese cities were covered with slogans such as "Let's be realists and demand the impossible." Then came the rude awakening of a nation riven by anarchism. For a while it appeared that the country's sizable Communist minority would succeed in bringing Communist order out of the chaos, but, thanks to the military once again, Portugal avoided becoming a Kremlin satellite.

What is the situation now? President Antônio Ramalho Eanes is, as one might expect, a general. The government consists of a coalition of the big Socialist Party and the smaller Social Democratic Party. The leader of the Socialists, Mário Soares, would like to become president (elections are scheduled for the end of the year), but his popularity is declining and his chances don't seem nearly as bright as they once did. President Eanes is the most popular political figure, but the Portuguese constitution won't permit him to succeed himself.

The Social Democrats are in crisis. Party leader Carlos Mota Pinto fell out of favor with his own party by backing General Firmino Miguel as presidential candidate. The opposition parties of the Left and Right, the Communists and the Christian Democrats respectively, haven't yet selected their candidates. But the great question mark remains President Eanes.

Unable to run again, he surprised many by founding a new party, the *Partido Renovador Democratico* (PRD), with a platform based on reform, democracy, social justice, and Portuguese tradition. The platform, like most others of its kind, could support virtually any policies, but considering Eanes's own coloration it is safe to say that the party will be found on the right rather than on the left. The big question now is whom Eanes will pick as the PRD's candidate. It is a delicate choice because Eanes will be eligible to run in the presidential election after this one.

But there are some Portuguese who believe this election will not be held. They believe the constitution will be amended or simply ignored. How much resistance would there be if President Eanes suddenly took power into his own hands? After all Portugal has been through, Salazar is beginning to look better and better to many Portuguese. Living standards were higher during the Salazar years; there was less crime; and the nation took pride in its global dimension. In light of all this, don't be surprised if the army decides to bring an end, once again, to democratic government in Portugal. □

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WINDOW ON THE IDEAL

William McGurn

Can Modern War Be Just? by James Turner Johnson (Yale, 215 pp., $24.50)

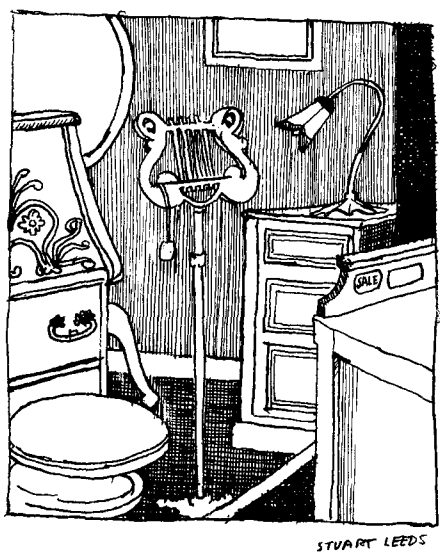
BACK IN 1928, with the slaughter of World War I still weighing heavily upon the world's collective consciousness, some 62 nations put their names to the Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing "recourse to war for the solution of international controversies." Although today the agreement is spoken of as the fruit of an almost criminal naïveté, those who said as much at the time were likely to be derided as cranky spoilsports. Little more than a decade later, alas, the spoilsports had their day, as these same earnest nations ushered in the most destructive war the world has ever known.

Because the opposition to National Socialism was so self-evidently just, we often overlook the conduct of that war, which frequently wasn't. The litany of barbarities perpetrated by the Germans and Japanese is well known; yet on the Allied side we have to chalk up the bombing of German cities. It was the conduct of that war, together with the advent of nuclear weapons, that spawned the monstrous idea that all previous ethics regarding warfare were now as antiquated as the cavalry charge over the hill.

In his latest book, *Can Modern War Be Just?* James Turner Johnson argues that such a conclusion could proceed only from a fundamental misunderstanding of ethics itself. "What is before us is not a *doctrine*, as it is often called, especially in religious circles, but a *tradition*." Principles by their very nature cannot be static, and the grand repeated error of thinkers in all eras has been to regard their own age as the final and irrevocable stage of human development, where the future is determined and the past no longer applies. In these unsettled times especially, we need to look to our tradition for that "window on the ideal." As thinking beings, we face the ethical challenge of adapting these standards to our own real, complex, and often dirty circumstances.

This is just what Professor Johnson tries to do. Insisting that any ethical standard must above all be practical, he explains the two main components of the just-war standard: first, *jus ad bellum* (whether the call to war is just); second, *jus in bello* (whether the conduct of that war is just). Where the former involves questions of proper authority, the worthiness of the cause, and the ultimate goal of peace, the latter involves the principles of discrimination (between combatants and noncombatants) and proportion (not using excessive force). Boiled down, the just-war tradition was nicely expressed by one Protestant theologian: permission, yet limitation.

All this is pretty basic stuff, but it is just this basic stuff that has been thrown out the window today with the assumption that all war is inevitably total. This assumption, as Professor Johnson notes, is ironically shared by hawks who see nothing wrong in targeting the enemy's civilians and nuclear pacifists who argue that the level of destruction caused by nuclear weapons makes no value worth fighting for. The professor's own position is forthright: "The first requisite of moral use is human control," he says, "and I am utterly unsympathetic to the argument that advances in weaponry are such that human control in time of actual war is unthinkable."



He has a great deal of empirical evidence on his side. For one thing, there is the daily fact of warfare all over the world that has not become total—in Central America, the Middle East, Southeast Asia, etc. For another, the trend in nuclear strategy and weapon development has been moving toward meeting just-war standards: Greater accuracy in weapons means that belligerents can exercise greater discrimination in their targets, as does the move away from targeting American and Soviet cities in favor of targeting military forces—i.e., from countervalue to counterforce strategy. Also, although Professor Johnson does not mention it, the President's Strategic Defense Initiative appears by implication to be the modern approach most faithful to this Western tradition.

One could go further. From a just-war perspective, the case could be made that the real problem today is not so much nuclear weapons—which

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David Brooks, an NR *staffer, is at work on a book about discipline in the high schools.*

William McGurn is editorial features editor of the Wall Street Journal Europe.

Jeffrey Meyers has written books on Lawrence and Orwell, lives of Katherine Mansfield and Wyndham Lewis, and the forthcoming Hemingway, *to be published by Harper & Row.*

Mitchell S. Ross is the author of The Literary Politicians *and* An Invitation to Our Times.

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are merely a means, subject to human will—as terrorism. Terrorism repudiates the very foundation of just-war thinking: that there are limits on even the best of causes. That terrorists may have some legitimate grievances, and that at least some of these grievances may warrant the use of force, in no way frees these combatants from the requirement of just conduct in battle.

To do him justice, Professor Johnson addresses this question squarely. Mostly he does this with regard to the rights of noncombatants, so callously rejected by terrorists, and here he makes some excellent distinctions. Yet given both the growth of terrorism and its links with states like the USSR and Libya, a modern contribution to the just-war tradition focusing on our present situation ought to view terrorism as a threat equal to, if not greater than, nuclear weapons.

Yet, if Professor Johnson does not go as far in this direction as he might, he has still done a lot to reclaim the just-war tradition from neglect. "In a fundamental sense," he writes in his preface, "we in the West cannot think about war without using the terms of this broad tradition, even if we disagree with what it teaches." If the sole achievement of this book is to establish this simple point, then the professor will have done his job well. ☐

RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST OF MAY: *From Nika Hazelton's Kitchen* (Viking, $18.95), by Nika Hazelton, inveighs against the awfulness of the term "gourmet cook" and celebrates the virtues of "simple food, made with the best ingredients available, cooked with care and as quickly as possible to taste as fresh as possible."

In *Justice: The Memoirs of an Attorney General* (Jameson Books/Kampmann, $16.95), Richard G. Kleindienst recounts the events of a political career that began with a foray into Goldwater Republicanism and culminated in a three-year stint as attorney general under President Nixon, immediately succeeding John Mitchell.

☐ MORE JUNE TITLES: *The New KGB: Engine of Soviet Power* (Morrow, $19.95), by William R. Corson and Robert T. Crowley (both of them experienced intelligence officers), is a history of the Soviets' secret service in its rise to its present "dominant" role in the Kremlin. A particularly interesting aspect of their study is the exploration of the means by which the KGB exploits the Western media and avails itself of "useful idiots" drawn from the Western business community to pluck away secrets of advanced technology. . . . *Secrecy and Democracy: The CIA in Transition* (Houghton Mifflin, $16.95), by Stansfield Turner, describes his efforts, as President Carter's CIA director, to curtail what he and the President regarded as "abuses" by the agency and at the same time to improve its "efficiency."

The Dangerous Summer (Scribner's, $17.95), by Ernest Hemingway and with an introduction by James Michener, is a chronicle of the 1959 Spanish bullfighting season, originally excerpted for *Life* but published here in its entirety for the first time.

☐ COMING IN AUGUST: *Ralph Ingersoll: A Biography* (Atheneum, $19.95), by Roy Hoopes, is an interesting treatment of the life of the editor, journalist, and proprietor of a (still existent) newspaper chain, who helped to create *The New Yorker*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, and was himself the founder of the unique Forties daily *PM*. —CW

READY, AIM, CONSULT!

David Brooks

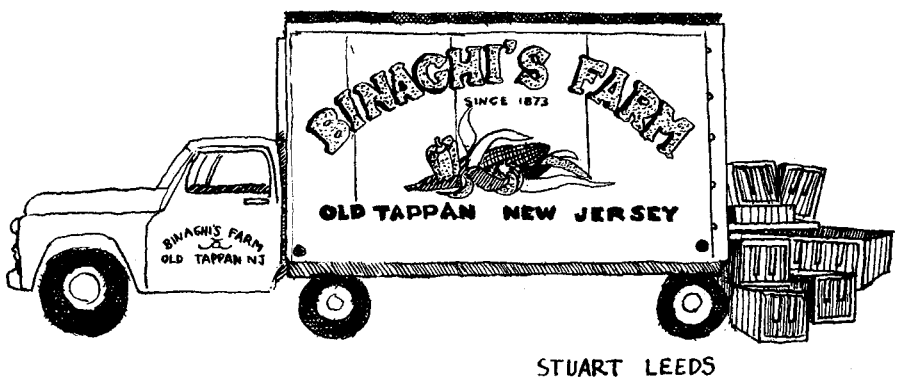
Nicaragua: Revolution in the Family, by Shirley Christian (Random House, 320 pp., $19.95)

NEW YORK TIMES coverage of Nicaragua is about to become less infuriating. The *Times* has recently hired Pulitzer Prize-winner Shirley Christian as its Nicaraguan correspondent. Miss Christian is no conservative—she has published in *The Progressive* and *The New Republic*—but, judging by her new book, she is objective. It has become fashionable, particularly in journalism schools, to say that objectivity is a myth. Trendy pseudo-sophisticates mangle Nietzsche's epigram that "there are no facts, only interpretations." Miss Christian's book should be held up to young journalists as proof that even on the most contentious subjects, it is possible to report events without bias.

Unfortunately, the book's journalistic integrity is also its greatest drawback: *Nicaragua: Revolution in the Family* is really a 320-page news article. Miss Christian focuses exclusively on what French historians would call the superficial quiverings of history—the meetings, the speeches, and the maneuverings of political leaders. She doesn't explore the long-term cultural trends, economic transformations, or even the intellectual climate. A reporter, Miss Christian is not trained to reflect or digress. There is no variation in the headlong pace of her narrative.

Nevertheless, the story is lively, and the reader has no trouble drawing a few of the obvious lessons of the Nicaraguan revolution. The first is that the Sandinista revolution was not, as today's consensus has it, a "revolution betrayed." As early as 1969, Carlos Fonseca, the principal founder of the Sandinistas, published a political tract that revealed hard-line Marxist ideas. The Sandinistas later cloaked those ideas in moderate rhetoric to sucker non-Marxists, but their own private goals were never in doubt.

The second lesson is that while moderate Nicaraguans could not conceive of duplicity on the scale practiced by the Sandinistas, the Carter Administration was not misled. While moderate Nicaraguans took the Sandinista "Political Military Platform" (which promised political pluralism, a mixed economy, and international non-alignment) at face value, the Carter Administration knew that a Sandinista victory



STUART LEEDS

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would mean a Cuban satellite on the isthmus. That simply did not alarm it.

According to Miss Christian's sources, by September 1978, American experts in Managua and in the White House realized that, unless Anastasio Somoza were deposed quickly, the Nicaraguan Center would atrophy and the Sandinistas would assume power. Nobody in the White House disputed America's ability to topple the dictator. State Department officials used the analogy of Somoza as a sick man who needed oxygen, while the United States controlled all the valves. Robert Pastor, Latin American specialist on the National Security Council, briefed Carter on the situation just before his Camp David meeting with Sadat and Begin. Carter decided that the age of U.S. unilateralism was past. He told Pastor, "Let's go out there and consult. Let's get everybody's views."

Here, as so often elsewhere, multilateralism was used to pass the buck: "We're not timid; we're simply respecting our allies." But in this case, the dodge was exposed. Nicaragua's Latin American neighbors strongly supported deposing Somoza. Costa Rica and Panama were busy training and arming non-Communist insurgents. Learning of this, the Carter Administration abandoned multilateralism and adopted a fall-back position, articulated by Robert Pastor: "I felt that Carter should not overthrow a government. I felt that we were in the business too long, and it was time to get out of that business, *regardless of the circumstance* [italics mine]." Pastor's view was supported by a number of foreign-policy advisors who had resigned from the government during the Vietnam era because of their opposition to the war, but who had returned under Carter.

These advisors did not include the Nicaraguan specialists in the State Department. *They* did not view Nicaragua through the haze of Vietnam; they scoffed at their colleagues' isolationism. One of the specialists, William Bowdler, met with the President to persuade him that Somoza must be pushed out. Carter was not receptive; he seemed to reveal his major interest when he asked Bowdler, "Mr. Ambassador, is Somoza a moral man?" Bowdler replied, "In no way, Mr. President."

Wanting to do *something*, Carter set up negotiations between Somoza and the opposition, which were subsequently sabotaged by both sides. Somoza was not going to negotiate himself into exile. And the Sandinistas were not going to tolerate a negotiated settlement that did not grant them full power to establish a Marxist state.

After the negotiations broke down, the Carter Administration was left without a policy toward Nicaragua. Nevertheless, there was still time to oust Somoza and make way for a moderate successor. But, at this crucial moment, the Carter Administration froze. Miss Christian tries to explain why. One of Somoza's closest friends in Congress was New York Democrat John Murphy. Murphy headed the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, which had jurisdiction over the Panama Canal. On January 19, 1979, Murphy had lunch with President Carter. Miss Christian can't prove it, but she seems to imply that either a formal or an informal deal was struck at that lunch: Murphy would push through the Panama Canal legislation, and Carter would end all pressure to oust Somoza. Deal or no deal, Carter ignored Nicaragua for the next few months. As Miss Christian meticulously documents, that left a vacuum that Castro was happy to fill. □

SUDDEN IMPACT

Joseph Sobran

Closed: 99 Ways to Stop Abortion, by Joseph M. Scheidler (Regnery Gateway/ Crossway/Ignatius, 350 pp., $9.95, paper)

WHEN DR. JOHN KELLY, of Oak Park, Illinois, discovered that his county taxes were being used to pay for abortion, he withheld the amount he calculated was being used for that purpose. It came to less than $2. After three years his tax debt had mounted to $5.75, and the county decided it had borne enough: It threatened to auction off Dr. Kelly's home to get the money. Dr. Kelly saved it the trouble. He sold his house and moved, with his wife and most of their 14 children, to Ireland.

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He did not depart quietly, or permanently. He boarded the plane for Ireland at O'Hare Airport with reporters and TV cameras in attendance, and his protest helped close the abortion ward at Cook County Hospital. He now lives in Oak Park again.

Dr. Kelly's story is only one of many Joseph M. Scheidler relates in *Closed*, far and away the best book I know of on the pro-life movement. As the subtitle, *99 Ways to Stop Abortion*, tells you, it's essentially a how-to book. But it's also a fascinating book about power, politics, publicity, and grace, written by a remarkable man.

Joe Scheidler comes to rumble. He isn't debating an abstract issue. He's saving lives. As head of the Pro-Life Action League, he has managed to shut down 18 abortion clinics. He uses prayer, sidewalk counseling, sit-ins, graffiti, lawsuits, "inflammatory rhetoric," horror stories, ghastly pictures, pressure of all sorts.

For instance: "The best way to call public attention to a doctor's abortion involvement is to picket his home. Find out where he lives, and pick a time when his neighbors will be home. A Sunday afternoon is generally a good time." Many abortionists manage to live in respectable neighborhoods and conceal the nature of their enterprise from those who know them. Pickets, augmented by signs and leaflets, can be an effective tactic in bringing public opinion to bear against such people.

As this example suggests, Scheidler knows how to get inside other people's skin. He is sensitive to their feelings, their hopes, their ambitions. He also recommends infiltrating pro-abortion groups, which he himself has done several times. He doesn't think you should let your enemy remain an abstraction: You should get to know him as a person.

Scheidler has found that abortionists and their advocates are much more ambivalent about their activities than their public rhetoric intimates. They know they are killing, and they are much less likely to lie about this among themselves. They have nightmares, not to mention drinking, drug, and marital problems. They can be converted.

Scheidler has mixed (though not at all confused) feelings about his enemies. He has made it a point to maintain personal contact with them; without illusion, he tries to exhume their buried consciences. One of the tactics he recommends is to "adopt" an abortionist. Meet him, engage him in conversation, if possible befriend him, give him a little link to the anti-abortion community. More than one abortionist assailed by friendly harassment has changed his practice.

This is more than a tactic: "If God loves the abortionists, we must love them too." Without expecting mass conversions, Scheidler aims much of his campaigning at the potential for conversion in the other side: "People are fighting us today who will be pro-life leaders tomorrow. We love them when they join us. We should love them before they join us."

Direct action, yes—but never violence. Violence doesn't work, and isn't part of Scheidler's program. He forces issues in the most direct way, but always on the assumption that he is dealing with people who are essentially redeemable even if they finally choose to reject the opportunity of redemption. He puts heavy emphasis on sidewalk counseling to dissuade women from getting abortions at the very door of the "clinic." At least nine out of ten go ahead with their abortions, but those who change their minds are often grateful that someone cared enough to stop them in their moment of weakness, while women who have already had abortions often wish bitterly that someone like Joe Scheidler's people had stood in their way.

His style is a rare combination of tough hide and tender heart. He is used to rebuffs and threats, even from the police: He points out that policemen will often lie about the law just to get rid of demonstrators. He urges you to demand that the policeman produce the ordinance. Threaten to sue for false arrest. If the law permits, use bullhorns. Stop abortion.

Scheidler thinks of everything. One of his tactics is to inform garbage collectors at abortuaries that they are hauling human bodies. This can have a surprisingly disruptive effect on the abortion trade. The support personnel who work inside the "clinics"—receptionists, secretaries, nurses—get rattled when even the garbage collectors recoil from their business. Money is nice, but so are morale and self-respect.

The pro-life movement is having problems these days, including its ostensible success. It keeps getting people elected. It has even won the great symbolic victory of having an unequivocally pro-life President of the United States. And babies are still being killed in the womb with the support of the law. Pro-life leaders may be rising socially, which is fine, but where are the results?

Joe Scheidler wants results. He gets them. There is no telling how many lives he has saved, and his organization is oriented to concrete goals. He counts it a success not when he is invited to the White House but when he closes an abortuary or dissuades a woman from having her child aborted. Since changing the law is not his only purpose, he can draw encouragement from his day-to-day achievements in saving lives one at a time.

He keeps his name in the phone book and his board of directors at the legal minimum of three: himself, his wife, and his secretary. He maintains an undistractedly instrumental view of his organization. "My goal is to go out of business," he says.

He is often described as "colorful" and "larger than life," as people tend to be when they don't stop to worry about what other people think of them. I met Joe Scheidler last year in Washington and again recently in Chicago, and, truly, he is one of a kind. Towerингly tall and bearded, 57 years old, he was once a Benedictine monk and left the order days before his scheduled ordination as a priest in the late Fifties: Already he saw signs of change he

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didn't like in the Church. He and his wife, Anne, now have seven children. Imposing as he looks, he turns out to be friendly and funny. He gets a kick out of telling the story of a local bishop who recently told him, "Scheidler, you're full of it."

"If there were fifty Joe Scheidlers," somebody remarked to me in Chicago, "there wouldn't be any more abortion." No reader of *Closed* will doubt that. □

GENIUS AND ART

Jeffrey Meyers

Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews, Sixth Series, edited by George Plimpton (Viking, 414 pp., $22.50)

THIS VOLUME, like its invaluable predecessors, considers some fascinating questions—How is genius formed? How is art created? These 12 interviews discuss the authors' personal history, attitude toward writing, and literary technique, as well as the genesis of their work, the responsibility of the artist, the reaction to contemporaries and critics. Many of the authors are professors (skeptical about the value of teaching creative writing), most are respected and successful. I have met Rebecca West, Stephen Spender, and Bernard Malamud, and find the descriptions of their appearance and milieu accurate. This volume is all the more precious since the deaths of five of its subjects: Miss West, Tennessee Williams, Elizabeth Bishop, William Goyen, and John Gardner.

Five of the authors found their vocations while reading during childhood illnesses, and two had madness in their families. Williams's mother "thought the blacks were planning an uprising in St. Louis, and were exchanging signals by rattling the garbage pails." Six authors are revealing about their sources of inspiration. Spender speaks of a vivid visual memory "that could be realized in concentrated written language"; Williams says "a play just seems to materialize, like an apparition"; Miss Bishop remarks that after great difficulty composing a villanelle, "one day, I couldn't believe it—it was like writing a letter"; Goyen wonders how "a whole lot of it was simply *given* to me, absolutely put into my mouth"; the Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes found "there is a long line of characters and shapes demanding words"; Gardner relates how "one plot will just sort of rise above all the others for reasons that you don't fully understand."

When these unconscious impulses fail to flow, a more rational method is required. Malamud, Goyen, and Fuentes state that a good deal of their work has been thought through or *felt* through for months and years before they actually began to write. Gabriel García Márquez considers the opening the most difficult part: "In the first paragraph you solve most of the problems with your book. The theme is defined, the style, the tone."

Most of the writers have in mind a sympathetic community of intelligent readers, an ideal audience that respects and understands the author's book. Some write primarily for academic colleagues, others for literary friends. Editors are despised by Fuentes; critics are scorned by everyone. Miss West is critical of her own books, Williams defensive about his. Kurt Vonnegut (the only person to benefit from the bombing of Dresden) disarmingly states: "Everybody else writes lousy books, so why shouldn't I?" His boast that "Whatever I write now is set in type without comment by my publisher" helps to explain why writers often decline after they achieve success.

Most authors find writing a painful and destructive process, though Malamud loves "the privilege of form" and Goyen sees art as a compensation for life. Miss Bishop finds being a poet "embarrassing"; Miss West calls writ-

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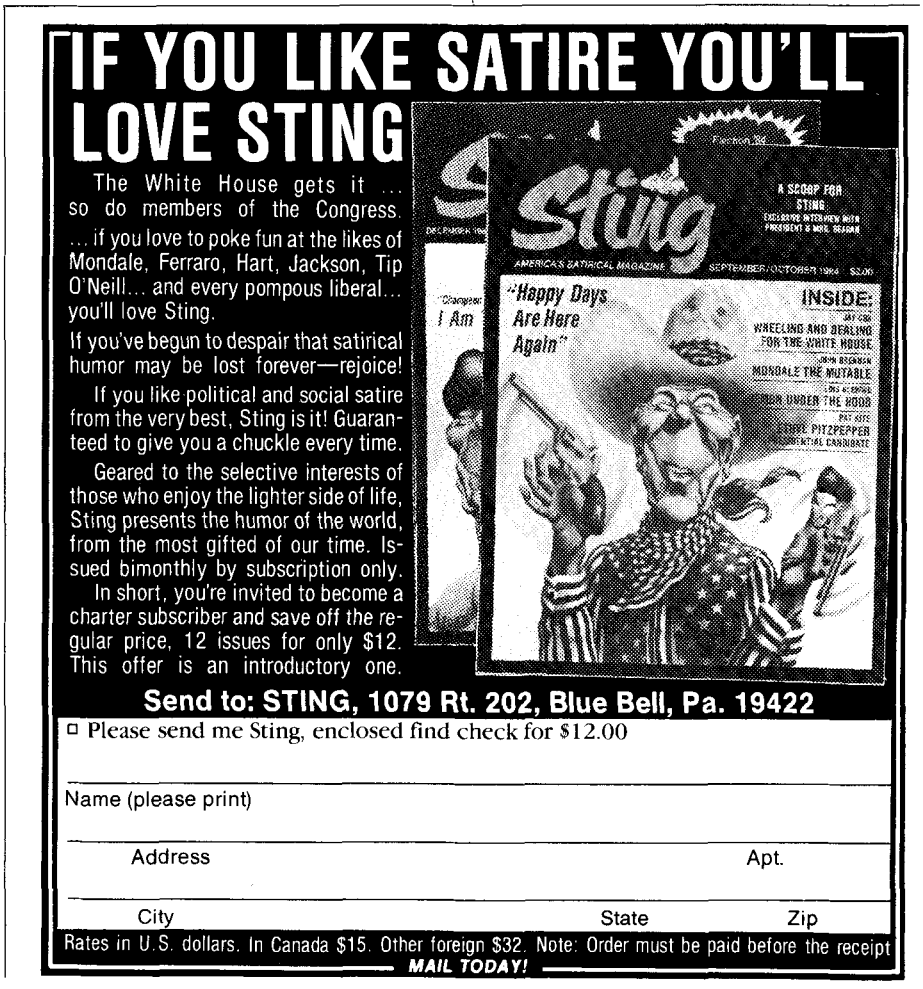
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ing "a nauseous process"; Williams (who suffered more than most) laments "the terrible indignities, humiliations, privations, shocks that attend the life of an American writer." García Márquez feels the need to defend himself against fame, and Miss West regrets that "they give people prizes too late." The South African novelist Nadine Gordimer believes "the solitude of writing is quite frightening, quite close sometimes to madness," that writers "are very ruthless, and they have to be"—especially in a country that bans some of the best books and forces people "to put everything at risk in their personal life."

Hemingway is mentioned more frequently than any other writer. Though Spender's account of his relations with the novelist during the Spanish Civil War has been discredited by Hemingway's third wife, Martha Gellhorn, in the *Paris Review* of June 1981, his interview is reprinted without corrections. Williams discusses Hemingway's attitude toward homosexuality, and his own play about Fitzgerald and Hemingway, *Clothes for a Summer Hotel*; and he uses Hemingway to exemplify the dreadful end of American writers' lives. Miss Gordimer and García Márquez acknowledge the influence of Hemingway's dialogue, compression, and intensity. Malamud emphasizes the need to include personal experience and speculates: "If Hemingway had tried during his last five years to write about his father rather than the bulls once more, or the big fish, he mightn't have committed suicide."

The interviews vary enormously, from James Merrill's pretentious pronouncements about using a Ouija board for poetic composition to Spender's well-worn record of literary reminiscences ("the same anecdote will fit into thirty or forty different pieces"), from the guarded and cautious concessions of Malamud and Miss Bishop to the earnest and solemn dicta of Gardner and Miss Gordimer. The two best colloquies are with Williams and Miss West. The former is a campy barrage of weird stories, including plans for a play about the poet laureate of Three Mile Island, a scandalous anecdote about Christopher Isherwood, and a harrowing account of his own mental breakdown. The latter is a pyrotechnical display of cutting phrases, witty aphorisms, and healthy heterodoxies, balanced by a strong sense of justice and pity. Miss West suspects "God is still trying to work things out and hasn't finished" and condemns Malcolm Muggeridge for alluding to Christ "as if He were a lost cause." She also wonders whether, in Shakespeare, "a third murderer ever became a first murderer by working hard or were they, sort of, hereditary slots?" □

FICTION

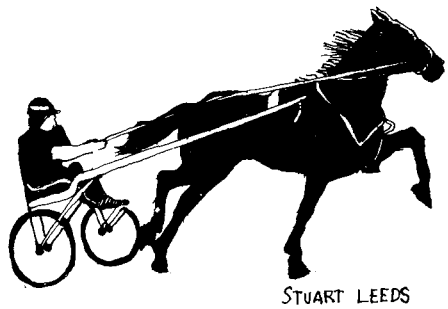
THE BEET GOES ON

Mitchell S. Ross

Jitterbug Perfume, by Tom Robbins (Bantam, 342 pp., $15.95)

TOM ROBBINS was born in 1936, in Blowing Rock, North Carolina, a fact to which his public reaction has been, "So what?" He attended Washington and Lee University in Virginia, where he was bored by the notion of becoming a perfect Southern gentleman. Like many young men before him, he went west, settling in Seattle and laboring for a while as art critic for a Seattle newspaper, work that he found "soul-deadening."

Robbins survived the tumult of the late Sixties by composing an absolutely original novel called *Another Roadside Attraction*, the cosmic irony and wit of which I insufficiently appreciated in my stuffy youth. The book's merits were perceived, however, by Luther Nichols and his chief at Doubleday, the genial Sam Vaughan. Doubleday published it in 1971. Despite some encouraging reviews, *Another Roadside Attraction* sold poorly in its hardcover edition. Not until it was published in paperback by Ballantine Books did this novel begin to find its audience, mostly among young readers. By the time Robbins's second novel, *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*, was published in 1978, Robbins had gained fame and modest fortune from his first book. These were deservedly increased by his second, which featured big-thumbed Sissy Hankshaw hitchhiking her way into the New Age.


STUART LEEDS

I have not read his third novel, *Still Life with Woodpecker*, but approached his fourth with the knowledge that it was already a best-seller as well as being critically favored. Does this affect my attitude toward it? Does this affect Robbins's attitude toward himself? The answer in both cases is: Not really. The coincidence of worldly success radically alters only those who worship success itself. The rest of us appreciate, or at least try to appreciate, the intrinsic quality of people and things.

Which brings us to the vegetarian mysticism of *Jitterbug Perfume*. "The beet," begins this book, "is the most intense of vegetables. The radish, admittedly, is more feverish, but the fire of the radish is a cold fire, the fire of discontent not of passion. Tomatoes are lusty enough, yet there runs through tomatoes an undercurrent of frivolity. Beets are deadly serious."

Obviously, most people, even most vegetarians, cannot feel or express such emotions as these about vegetables. Indeed, I am quite sure that Tom Robbins himself does not, each time he prepares or consumes a salad, think this imaginatively about the ingredients of it. Were he to do so, he would eventually find himself dealing with the inferior salads served in mental hospitals instead of the ones he currently enjoys. But poetry is licentious, and the poet-novelist, through his exaggerated metaphor, is able to convey the materialism that all people share. The Pope, too, likes his lunch.

It would not be possible to provide an adequate summary of *Jitterbug Perfume*'s plot. There isn't one, really. As for characters, there is a French perfume merchant, a "genius" waitress, a Bohemian king, New Orleans revelers, and an assortment of others who are cosmically connected in a universe that does not add up perfectly. Irony abounds. So does a deep, fundamental faith in life itself, and in things that are alive.

Robbins is one of the principal voices of the American enlightenment that Jean-François Revel predicted in *Without Marx or Jesus*. "Maybe it was sentimental, if not actually stupid," he

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has one of his characters think, "to romanticize the Sixties as an embryonic golden age . . . Even though, in social terms, the Sixties had failed, in evolutionary terms they were a landmark, a milestone . . ." This is true. The kid culture of drugs, sex, socialism, and rock 'n' roll has begun to yield to a more mature civilization in which people realize that drug abuse and sexual promiscuity can be hazardous to their health, socialism can be harmful to their pocketbooks, and Scarlatti sounds better played on the harpsichord than on some terrifyingly loud electric guitar.

Robbins's term for this is "floral consciousness." He writes, "As floral consciousness matures, telepathy will no doubt become a common medium of communication.

"With reptile consciousness, we had hostile confrontation.

"With mammal consciousness, we had civilized debate.

"With floral consciousness, we'll have empathetic telepathy."

Eventually, perhaps. But Robbins is certainly right about one thing: "Never underestimate how much assistance, how much satisfaction, how much soul and transcendence there might be in a well-made taco and a cold bottle of beer."

And so the beet goes on. □

FILM

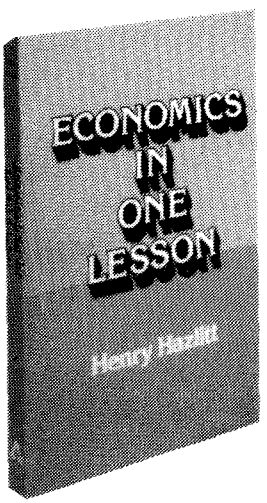
DISORDER AND EARLY SORROW

John Simon

FEW DOCUMENTARIES are as suggestion-laden, as mind-exercising, as undislodgeable from the memory as *Streetwise*. Based on pictures by Mary Ellen Mark and words by Cheryl McCall in *Life* magazine, this is a film about teenaged—mostly young teenaged, at that—street kids in Seattle. The girls are chiefly prostitutes; the boys, pimps, con artists, male whores, drug pushers, petty thieves. All are hustlers of one kind or another, yet in a strange quasi-Wordsworthian way, they are also innocent children walking through hell as if it were simply the asphalt with which the roads are paved.

Produced by Miss McCall, shot by Martin Bell, and edited by Nancy Baker, the film breathes camera-ignoring naturalness, as far as the lives of these tragic children can be called natural. "It's strange that older men like little girls," says a radiant little child-whore. "I think they're perverts. I don't like them, but I like the money." Consider this statement well. Imagine homes not merely broken, but shattered into wounding splinters; imagine a society in which 13-year-old girls (or younger) pose for suggestive fashion ads; imagine conspicuous consumption of the sort that allows teenagers to become millionaires as rock stars or promoters; imagine the contemporary city with the inequities it flaunts and the iniquities it fosters. Then, if you dare, cast your first stone.

Look how judicious this little girl is. She considers her clients perverts and dislikes them. As you observe her—a face still trailing clouds of glory, a



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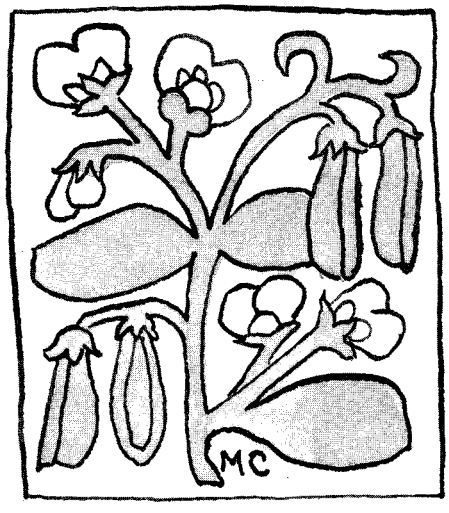
voice so limpid and bubbly you wish it could be bottled—you know that she does not feel guilty (as distinct from unhappy), that she cannot *be* guilty. Money, as everyone and everything around her asserts and demonstrates, is the most desired necessity, and sex the most available, the only, commodity. As for the "dates," she says, "they come pretty regular." She is 14, and adds, with the slightest touch of apology, "Well, I just started it in August."

There is a handsome young black pimp ("I'm going to go up to the high school and get me some fresh talent"), who is visited by his mother and grandmother on the street corner where he operates. The mother wants to give him money for a good meal, though he indicates he might prefer spending it otherwise. The grandmother urges him to heed his mother. The three-way conversation at cross-purposes is funny and disturbing: There is some latent but genuine family feeling under the pious platitudes in which none of the three quite believes in view of some economic or other pressure that clearly countermands them.

Another very young girl, a runaway and prostitute, calls home from a pay phone. The bizarre monologue—we don't hear what her remarried mother is saying at the other end—begins: "I called to tell you I'm okay and shit." After a few sentences, it concludes with "I hope you have fun with your stupid-ass husband" and a brusque hangup. Another girl—Erin (Tiny), 14 and a prostitute with gonorrhea, who plays childish games with a swabber during a medical examination—has an alcoholic hash-house countergirl for a mother, who says of Erin, "It's just a phase she's going through right now." And Erin, of her unemployed stepfather: "He beats up on my mom. He broke her leg before." When Erin calls out to her mother, she is told not to disturb her: "I'm drinking." At the funeral of DeWayne, 16, the only mourners are his jailed arsonist father, the latter's police guard, and three social workers. The father goes up to the open coffin of his son, who hanged himself, deposits his unfinished can of Coke on the coffin lid, and mutters, "I loved you." The voice is flat, like stale Coca-Cola; what the feelings are, we don't know.

Streetwise is chock-full of such vignettes. Its cumulative effect is tremendous, but not quite the way you might think. It makes you very sad, but even more indignant; and it also makes you laugh a lot. For these kids are resourceful and funny. Their pranks are clever, as those of schoolchildren are, only now no school will take them—except the streets, which up the ante in pranks. These have become crimes: minor, cunning misdemeanors, for the most part, or angry, but somehow ludicrous, wrongdoings. In all this there is still a remnant of hopefulness: The future will be better. Asked how she would feel about becoming pregnant, one of these children answers, "I want to be. But not by a new trick. . . . I wouldn't get an abortion. I don't believe in it. . . . I can't pronounce it, but it's like murdering a baby, and it's not fair to the baby." That breaks your heart, especially when you think of what a life such a baby can look forward to.

They are experts at self-delusion, these kids—like the rest of us. Says a young pimp: "You can't be a boyfriend if you have three girlfriends. But you can be a playboy. That's what I consider myself. I never pushed them into the street." They are also (like the rest of us) experts at puncturing the delusions of others. Asked by a chum why he wants his hair dyed, the pimp replies, "To get away from everything." Comes the answer: "That ain't going to get you away from Jack shit." DeWayne visits his father in jail. They communicate (what a symbol!) by telephone through a plexiglass partition. The father promises fine things when, and if, he gets out. But he also bawls out his boy for pushing grass and biting his nails. Dad protests love and dispenses guilt. Soon DeWayne will be pushing up daisies.



But to return to the kids' cleverness. Their panhandling techniques are artful, downright artistic: "Sir, you wouldn't have a dime? I need to finish my laundry." They will make phony phone calls for outlandish pizzas with pineapple to be delivered to fake addresses; when these undesired edibles are dumped, the unwanted children dig them up and devour them; they call it dumpster-diving. Other stratagems are more sinister. Patti, 17, and Munchkin, 18, are lovers. So as not to be reduced to living in abandoned and condemned hotel rooms like some other kids, Patti services a third-rate motel owner in exchange for somewhat better shelter. But Munchkin wants fancier suits, so they take in Shellie, 13, to turn tricks and trick out Munchkin. Hot-tempered Patti and jealous Munchkin have fights. Shellie comments: "They argue. But doesn't all love affairs argue?"

I could go on quoting endlessly, but I can't quote images. Such as Erin, 14, putting on her sexiest yet tasteful black outfit—complete with pillbox hat, veil, gloves, and bubblegum—and stumbling on much-too-high heels toward her night's work. Or the sight and sound of equally pretty Kim, 16, of obviously upper-middle-class speech and manner, a streetwalker with a sweater on which white rabbits chase one another along a black band. Those ambiguous bunnies are among the great *objet-trouvé* symbols in which the film abounds.

Rightly or wrongly, *Streetwise* avoids all narration, statistics, editorializing. There is no mention, as in the original *Life* article, of there existing over half a million such runaways in the country; of the pioneering efforts of a priest, Father Bruce Ritter, with his Covenant House programs in several cities, and of other such organizations, beyond what little we actually see; of the peculiar regulations whereby federal funds are available only to shelters of up to twenty beds, and these to be located outside areas of prostitution. And wrongly, I think, it soft-pedals the worst horrors: hard drugs, child pornography, the rape of these kids, sometimes at knife- or gun-point—though most of these would perforce elude the documentary camera.

What *Streetwise* does superlatively, though, is to make us think. It does show enough of the dreadful home life these children are escaping from, and it does show how inadequate is the

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help being offered them. And all this with eloquently matter-of-fact understatement. It makes you realize how much easier it is to wage ideological warfare for or against abortion than to actually help these suffering youngsters. For unborn children present many advantages over born ones: They are unrambunctious, unabusive, undiseased. They are clean to the point of invisibility. All *theoretical* do-gooders should see this film: It might just do a little real good by reordering their priorities. Certainly its images are potent; not least that you see Seattle in only two guises: as a panoramic shot, full of opulent skyscrapers, and as bits of shabby exteriors and interiors in a small, constricting waterfront area, which also features a sign: GATEWAY TO ALASKA. Seattle is indeed, as seen here, the threshold to an icy North, to the congealing of the soul and freezing to death of the flesh. □

SOUND ON DISC

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

Ralph de Toledano

JAZZ MOVED up from New Orleans to Chicago, New York, eventually all points of the compass—and then seemed to perish in the maw of the Depression. But when, in the mid 1930s, Americans rediscovered their own music, France had already provided its *explication de texte* in Hugues Panassié's *Le Jazz Hot*. During those lean years, expatriate and peripatetic black musicians had found a home in France. These musicians had moved to friendlier shores because they were tired of playing for coffee, and/or being subjected to the indignities of Jim Crow. They also enjoyed the adulation of French musicians who became their avid students and of a listening public that crowded the Paris *boîtes* to applaud them.

The most notable of these musicians was Benny Carter—a great arranger and alto saxophonist who could also rank with the best on clarinet and trumpet. Lacking the showmanship of Duke Ellington, Carter had never quite made it in the States, but in France and England he was a titan. Coleman

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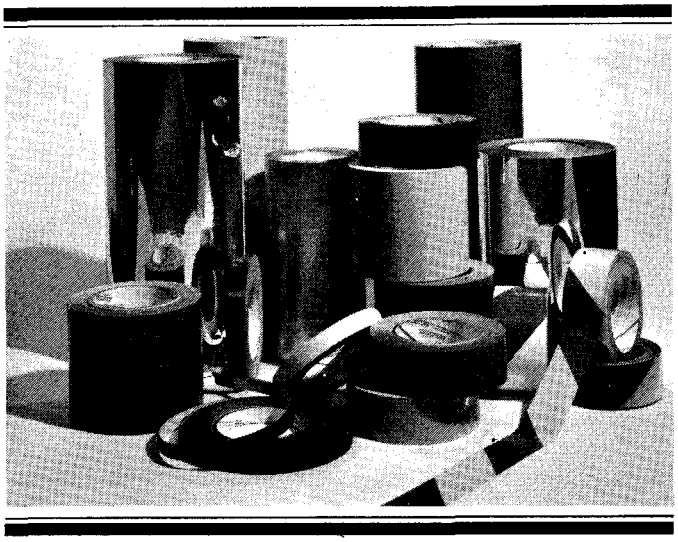

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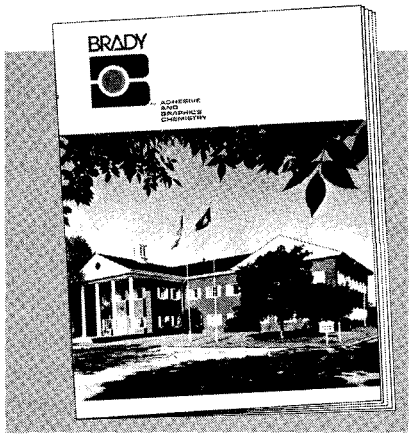

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Hawkins, who had revolutionized the style and technique of the tenor sax, remained in Paris until the outbreak of World War II. And there were many others. Until the arrival of these jazzmen, French musicians had learned their jazz from a study of recordings, and from the tours of American bands such as those of Will Marion Cook and Sam Wooding.

These studies had produced the likes of Django Reinhardt, a gypsy guitarist who absorbed the spirit of jazz through his pores, Stéphane Grappelli, Alix Combelle, and a fine list of others—all encouraged by the pioneering jazz criticism of Panassié. They added their own input to the mainstream of jazz, filtering the music through their own sophisticated perceptions without altering the chemistry. But what these black and white musicians played would largely have been lost had it not been for the zealous efforts of Panassié and his colleague Charles Delaunay to get as much of it as they could onto the shellac of their Disques Swing label.

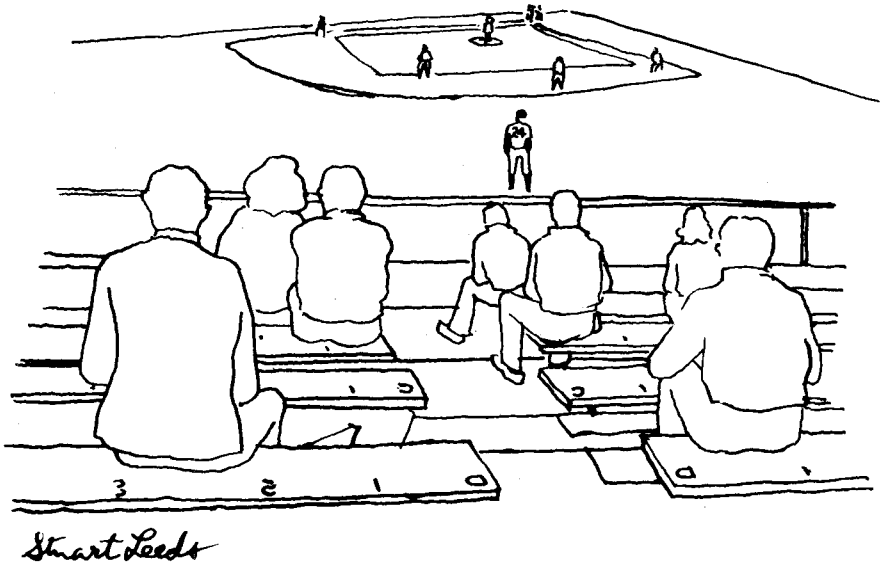
Now DRG Records (157 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019) is systematically reissuing what has lain for years in French warehouses—some of it never issued either here or in Europe. That some of these recordings are hall-of-fame items is secondary to what is more significant—that they preserve an era and an aura of solid jazz achievement, at a time when music danced on little cat feet, almost unaware that the lights were about to go out in Europe. The show and pop tunes of those days, on which jazz worked its alchemy, sing out in these records along with the blues and original compositions of the musicians.

Of these new DRG/Disques Swing reissues, let me start with *Willie Lewis and His Entertainers*. Like Eddie Condon, his white counterpart in the U.S., Lewis was a musician of some talent, but his major contribution was as a sort of jazz *régisseur*. He had the genius to bring together the best of the musicians playing in Paris and to throw them in the lap of Benny Carter. On this two-record album, they parade through original compositions, blues, jazz oldies, and the best of Tin Pan Alley, in tasteful Carter arrangements that allowed the soloists ample room to do what they would. Along with Carter is a Who's Who of the high talent that never made the *Downbeat* listings or received the shrills of the jitterbugs—trumpet Bill Coleman, tenor sax Frank "Big Boy" Goudie, piano Herman Chittison, bass Wilson Myers, and the seldom-recorded singer Adelaide Hall among them. The music they produced is both lyric and rollicking—the kind of relaxed jazz we heard in the basement nightclubs of New York's 52nd Street.

As fine is *Coleman Hawkins & Benny Carter*. It brings together the superlative Hawkins tenor and Carter alto, but adds to them the quietly evocative trumpet of Buck Clayton (later to win deserved fame with the Count Basie band), the Reinhardt guitar and Grappelli fiddle, and the drumming of "Big Sid" Catlett, to me the greatest and subtlest on that instrument. Catlett held undeviatingly to the beat, but he could build the kind of tension that lifted the band and drove soloists to the limits of their inspiration. In this album, you can also hear the beautifully unaffected tenor sax of Ben Webster and the solid bass of John Simmons. Two cuts of the 15—Hawkins on "Out of Nowhere" and Carter on "I'm Coming Virginia" are easily worth the price of admission.

To American jazz buffs in the 1930s and 1940s, Bill Coleman was never very much more than a name—a trumpet player about whom other jazz musicians spoke with admiration and respect. Coleman lived through the Swing era in Paris, but he recorded extensively with the greats of that city's jazz colony. Now on DRG/Disques Swing's *Bill Coleman* he can be heard *in extenso*. He played a clean trumpet, and his jazz cadenzas were marked by the purity of his vibrato and the restraint of his inventions—hardly the sort of music that would have brought the jitterbugs stomping into the aisles of New York's Paramount Theater. He was a musician's musician, and I think he preferred it that way. In this album, he records both with his own orchestra and with pick-up groups including Reinhardt, Grappelli, Goudie, Chittison, and Myers. He is at his best in his own numbers—"Bill Street Blues," "Joe Louis Stomp," and "Bill Coleman Blues"—but he is also excellent on the standards.

Those three sets of recordings were made in the middle to late 1930s in Europe. *The International Jazz Group* was recorded in New York in 1956. But none of the sides cut was issued in the United States, and only some of them in France. For years they have been collectors' items. Now the entire product of a notable three-day date is available on the DRG/Disques Swing label. It was a remarkable series of sessions, bringing together the very fine trombone of Vic Dickenson, the trumpet of Taft Jordan, the bass of Arvell Shaw, and the tenor sax of Budd Johnson—and a felicity of time, place, and mood. It is a small band and it leans strongly toward ensemble jazz, with overtones of Ellington, Basie, and John Kirby. Budd Johnson is clearly the guiding spirit, particularly in the beautifully arranged and resplendently soloed "Concerto du Blues." But everything is right on these recordings, from a solid "Moten's Swing," celebrating the explosion of jazz in Kansas City, to the lyrical Dickenson trombone solo in "What Have You Done." This recording is what jazz was all about before bop, rock, wobbly legs, and hirsute adornment took over. □



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THE GIMLET EYE

MORPHOGENETICS–PART II

D. Keith Mano

To recap from last issue. Morphogenetic theory, as stated by Professor Rupert Sheldrake, will assume the following: That morphogenetic (form-creating) *fields* exist. That these are spatial and as real as any gravitational or electromagnetic field (they might be called habit patterns of form). An M-field will both order and shape matter—matter in crystal, cell, tissue, organ, whole organism—through *morphic resonance*. At higher levels morphic resonance can influence behavior and even collective thought. But this resonance will transmit only *from like form to like form*. Moreover, M-fields function not just across space but through *time* as well. Each previous M-field, therefore, is retained in the present. Thus a species' entire formal history will be available to it at all times.

Example: the mysterious crystal. This is accepted, if inexplicable, fact: as soon as a new crystal has been grown, it will at once become possible to grow that same crystal *anywhere else*. Scientific effort to explain this phenomenon has been strained at best. The crystal seed was airborne in an unaccountable manner. Or brought around on some lab technician's *beard*. Sheldrake, enlisting morphogenetic theory, would hypothesize that morphic resonance is a carrier for crystalline contagion. New crystals shape new (if relatively weak) M-fields, which can transmit across distance—just as rat intelligence broadcast from Boston to Edinburgh in the experiment discussed last issue. But here you appreciate that morphic resonance isn't just some unknown effect of sensation or intellect. A crystal doesn't putter around with ESP.

The implications for Darwinism: Evolution is confronting a different sort of Monkey Trial right now. The Darwinian law that species change by random mutation will no longer hold against actuarial probability. Say a frog with more effective camouflage is born. In time this freak might become dominant because it can better dupe predators. Strict Darwinism: the fittest has survived. Yet statistical unlikelihood is overwhelming here: that a single mutant could thrive and propagate in sufficient number because of one "fitter" trait makes creationist theory seem plausible by comparison. One trait can't be decisive enough. But evolution appears much more reasonable if you postulate that, like the new crystal, better camouflageness will produce an M-field for itself. This M-field would spread procreation and enhance survival. More "mutants" get spawned. That single animal doesn't have to father an entire frog subgroup alone.

Learning implications: Once understood and recruited, morphogenetic theory would furnish a superb multiplicative tool for education. But M-fields, note, are neuter as to moral content. Formative causation isn't another idea of progress. In this time, moreover, we have contrived great amplifiers for morphic resonance—TV, of course, is one. Some while ago, in England, a find-the-hidden-face puzzle was broadcast. Sheldrake tabulated audience scores. Later that same visual problem was rerun, this trip with a correct-answer grid. Still later the first show was broadcast in another country (India, I believe). Test scores came out notably higher. Presumption: by like-to-like morphic resonance, the second group had "listened in on" knowledge across distance. But—and this is rather critical—that broadcast informa-

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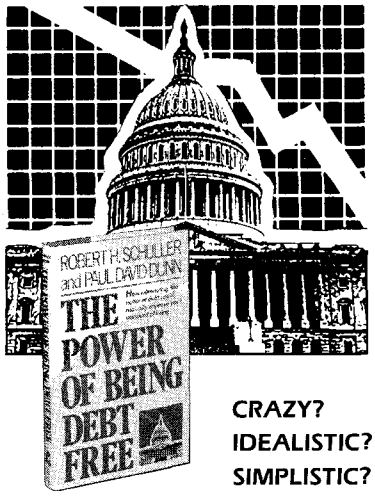

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tion might have been wrong, misleading, or unethical. Propaganda, we all know, has become sophisticated as fiber optics today. Thus far, though, the mass-market approach is relatively direct. If, however, that one-to-one communication can also propagate M-fields with indirect persuasiveness, then ideological fallout would be pluralized. For example, Communism (as far as I can see) has spread worldwide way out of proportion to either actual success or direct advertising. Vigorous M-fields, evidently, have been established for Communism. Whoever can comprehend and manipulate morphic resonance will control and manipulate the race.

Yet (electrolyzing toward a more positive pole) formative causation may well make materialist science as obsolete as sulfa powder. Subatomic research has already convinced the so-known "new physicists" that categorical knowledge in science is unattainable. No one can even assert today whether light—what we see—has been traveling by wave or particle or both. Some speculate that mechanistic technique can never explain why atoms of a thing (tree, house, planet) assume and maintain their shape. Unless mind or Mind is the form-maker. (In that notorious philosophical forest trees may actually not fall when no one can see them.) Sheldrake has been cautious, but he will say materialism "denies *a priori* . . . that there is anything like spirit. . . . The theory that I'm putting forward here is in fact neutral from that point of view, and it's open to being interpreted in the light of a spiritual view of reality."

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

GRAZYNA SIKORSKA'S *Jerzy Popieluszko: A Martyr for the Truth* (Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 255 Jefferson, S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49503; $6.95) is a simple, moving, and powerful book, a politicized nonfiction version of Georges Bernanos's *Diary of a Country Priest.* Its subject, of course, is the Solidarity priest abducted, beaten, and murdered last October by Polish government thugs, members of the secret police, who have been tried and sentenced to long (but don't hold your breath) prison terms imposed by a kind of inverse kangaroo court in which the killers, prosecuted by the "appalled" government that had pulled their firing-pins, were permitted to indulge in tirades against their victim to the extent that the auxiliary prosecutors, arguing on behalf of Father Jerzy's family, were forced to assume the role of defense counsel for their murdered client. (Polish joke: "*Question:* Why did Piotrowski get 25 years' imprisonment? *Answer:* One year for killing Father Jerzy and 24 for messing it up.")

Like Bernanos's "little priest," who subsisted on bread and sour wine, pushing his frail strength to the limit on behalf of his parishioners while dying slowly of stomach cancer, Father Jerzy was a sick man who spent a protracted period at the Institute of Hematology in Warsaw and was at first assigned by his Church to a position ordinarily accorded retired priests: that of spiritual advisor at the academic church of St. Anna's, Warsaw, where he had responsibility for the city's medical students. Despite ill health, his ministry was so effective that he was transferred in 1980, at the age of 32, to St. Stanislaw Kostka, which, within four years, he was to make the most influential church in Poland.

Already Father Popieluszko had come to the attention of Cardinal Wyszynski; and in 1979 he had been asked to participate in the organization of John Paul II's first papal visit to Poland. Then, in August 1980, the Warsaw steel plant was engaged in a sympathetic strike in support of the Gdansk shipyards, and the steelworkers notified Wyszynski of their desire to celebrate Sunday Mass. "Find a priest," the Cardinal told his chaplain; who, running across Father Jerzy entirely by accident, proposed to him that he should assume the honor of becoming the first priest in the history of the plant to enter through its main gate, where he was wildly applauded. ("It then crossed my mind—that this applause was for the Church, which for the past thirty years had constantly knocked at the gates of the industrial plants.")

After the breaking of the strikes and the imposition of martial law in December 1981, Father Jerzy was the only priest to be a regular presence at the trials of Solidarity members, as well as in the homes of their families; he also received in his own home drivers of the relief transports that began rolling into Poland. Even before martial law, he had begun celebrating, at St. Stanislaw's, the series of "Masses for the Country" highlighted by the "patriotic sermons" that enraged the authorities and led directly to his martyrdom. An integral part of these Masses was the reading, by professional actors, of Polish prose and poetry that embodied, in Grazyna Sikorska's words, "a kind of medieval mystery: The old liturgical texts seemed to have a hidden Polish meaning, and people realized how similar the fate of contemporary Poles was to that of the first Christians." Although the government attacked Father Jerzy's activities as "abuses of conscience," he explained: "What I do is not political. For me the pastoral dimension is the most important. My strategy is founded on the fight against hatred, for the dignity of human labor. My weapons are truth and love."

The government's first attempts at silencing Father Jerzy were through the Church itself. When the Curia failed to give satisfaction, the authorities switched to legal, emotional, and finally physical harassment. Father Jerzy's car was smeared with paint, and his rooms were searched; a bomb was tossed through the door of his house, although it failed to detonate. After October 13, 1984, Mrs. Sikorska writes, "Father Jerzy was living on borrowed time. . . . A few weeks earlier a special meeting had been called by Adam Pietruszka, the deputy head of the [Interior] Ministry's religious-affairs department. . . . those present included Grzegorz Piotrowski—the head of the department's inner section concerned with monitoring 'anti-state' and 'anti-socialist' actions by members of the Roman Catholic Church—and Leszek Wolski, head of the Warsaw security office. Pietruszka, on orders from above—as he alleged—stated that it was high time to stop toying with 'anti-state' priests, and urged 'decisive and speedy action.' In the discussion that followed, Father Popieluszko was singled out as the first priest who had to be dealt with." □

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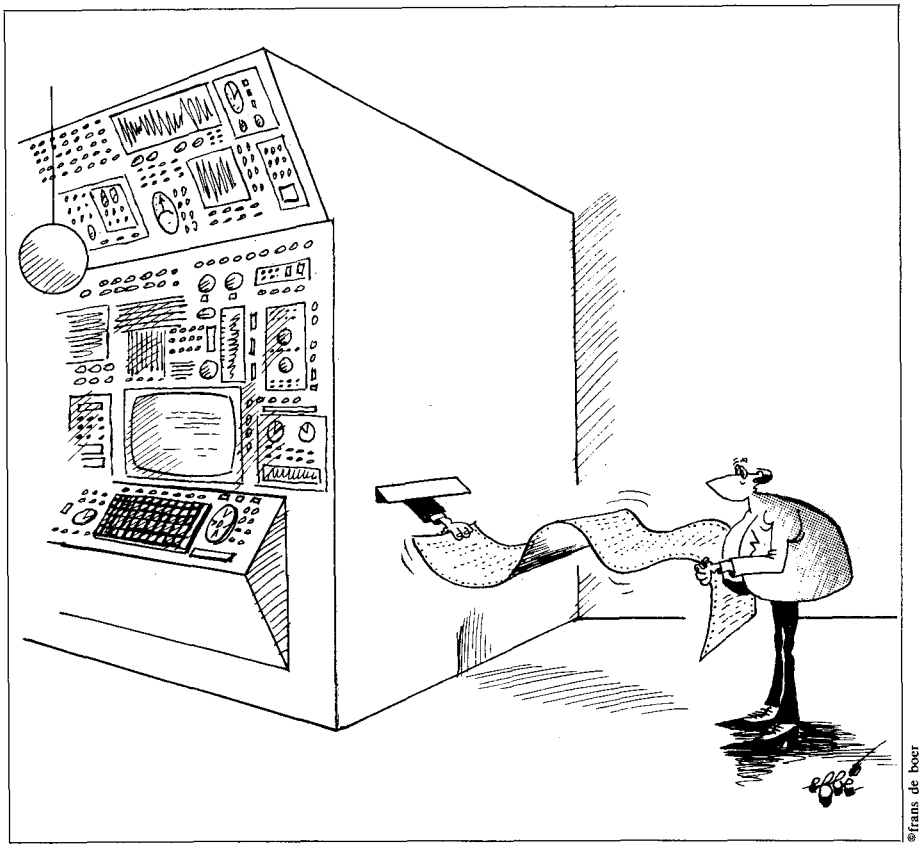
First cause. Morphogenetic theory, recall, doesn't attempt to account for creation. It is a hypothesis about form based on repetitive habit pattern in thought and matter. Where then did the great originative M-field derive from? Sheldrake, again, is careful. But he will suggest that there are four ways in which morphogenetic theory can be considered, depending on your taste. a) As a modification of materialism: here formative causation is just another instrument for fixing physical law. b) You might go further and presume that conscious self can act on matter. c) Yet further: one could postulate from morphogenesis the "creative universe" with an *élan vital* of its own. Or d)—and this Sheldrake, scientist and Christian, will maintain personally—there is "transcendent consciousness," or God, "which would not be developing toward a goal: it would be its own goal. It would not be striving toward a final form, it would be complete in itself."

Prognosis: In his book *A New Science of Life* (J. P. Tarcher, Inc., Los Angeles) Sheldrake proposed feasible experiments that would validate formative causation—at least on the physical level. Some are under way now. The Tarrytown Group has offered a $10,000 prize for conclusive proof or disproof of Sheldrake's hypothesis. In time, I reckon, formative causation—by its own terrific intellectual morphic resonance—will be accepted. And the barren, atheistic, materialist science that has held us in dull serfhood for so long will scab, then fall off. On Day One, God said, "Let there be a morphogenetic field for light." □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

Ideas Have Consequences, by Richard M. Weaver (Chicago, 190 pp., $6.95, paper)

IN 1948 Richard M. Weaver examined the saturnalia that is Western civilization and concluded, "For four centuries every man has been not only his own priest but his own professor of ethics, and the consequence is an anarchy which threatens even that minimum of value necessary to the political state." Through our own unintelligent choices we have abandoned our belief in transcendental values and thus fallen prey to "a falsified picture of the world" characterized by materialism, by "the steady obliteration of those distinctions which create society," and by an egotism which assumes that "man's destiny in the world is not to perfect himself but to lean back in sensual enjoyment." Like spoiled children we suffer from an incapacity to think beyond the limits of our own sovereign wills. Nor was Mr. Weaver optimistic about our prospects for redemption; "restoration comes at a price," which Western Man—who has been cut off from " 'real' reality" by his self-absorption—may not be willing to pay. Fundamental to any reformation is a "driving afresh of the wedge between the material and the transcendental," followed by the recognition that "comfort may be a seduction and that the fetish of material prosperity will have to be pushed aside in favor of some sterner ideal." Finally we must "see the necessity of accepting duties before [we] begin to talk of freedoms." These are hard words, not at all in keeping with the modern temper, but they are as true now as when they were first written. If Western Man can find within himself the humility to admit that his most fundamental assumptions about the world and his place in it have gone seriously wrong, there may still be hope for him. If he cannot, it may remain for him "to learn the truth along some *via dolorosa*," at a cost we cannot begin to calculate. The University of Chicago Press, in reprinting this distinguished small book, has performed a great literary service.

CARL R. SCHMAHL

Celestial Navigation Simplified, by William F. Buckley Jr. (Avant Communications, 40 min., $69.95, video cassette)

THROUGHOUT the history of the world, many of man's most spectacular accomplishments have been the work of navigators. No matter whom you credit with the discovery of America—Columbus, Vespucci, Leif Ericsson, or even some anonymous Irishman—the fact is that the skill of the navigator has changed the world forever by developing the trade and migration routes to new lands formerly separated, now connected, by great oceans. Before the advent of modern inertial and satellite navigation systems, the human navigator with a sextant was the primary means of guiding a ship or plane from one land mass to another over a body of water. It takes a good deal of training to produce a navigator, a fact that discourages most people from taking it up as a hobby. However,

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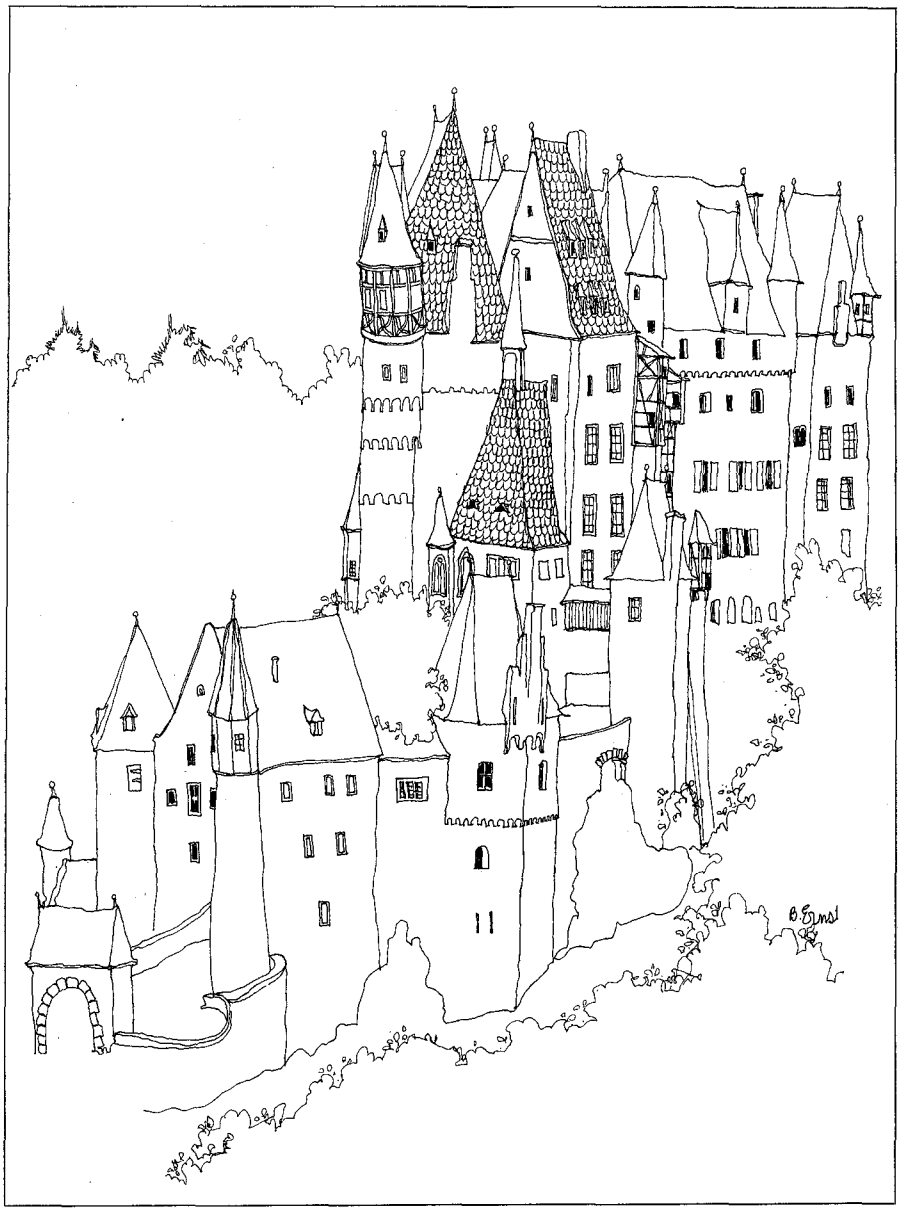

once one has finished with the academics, the practice of celestial navigation is fairly simple, involving mostly the addition or subtraction of a few numbers, and knowing which table to consult. There is no great math skill involved, at least since the advent of modern navigation almanacs and tables. If celestial navigation is so easy, then why would most people, even small-boat sailors with a presumed need to know it, rather have their wisdom teeth out than learn it? The reason is that courses teach *why* celestial works rather than simply *how* it works. Until now. William F. Buckley Jr. has advanced the cause of navigation by making the learning of it completely painless. In just forty entertaining minutes, Mr. Buckley gives you all the basics of celestial navigation—something that took me many long, painful weeks to learn. Mr. Buckley's videotape, *Celestial Navigation Simplified*, is clear, concise, accurate, and even fun. I can think of no better way to increase your enjoyment of sailing the seas (or just expanding your horizons) than by joining the ancient and honorable fraternity of navigators.

DAMIAN HOUSMAN

The Road to Colossus: A Celebration of American Ingenuity, by Thomas Kiernan (Morrow, 332 pp., $16.95)

THIS APTLY TITLED book is a chronological series of impressive portraits of the leading industrial geniuses of American history. In a mere two hundred years, Mr. Kiernan reminds us, America has transformed itself from a loosely organized body of "subsistence farmers, fishermen, merchants, and cottage craftsmen into the richest, most powerful colossus of industrial and technological prowess and variety the world has ever known." And although Kiernan's interest is more in the whos that brought about this majestic metamorphosis than in the hows, he is well aware of the durable and flexible political system that encouraged the colossal creativity of America's determined wizards. Nor is Kiernan unaware of the deep problems that the United States has had to confront during its dynamic growth. His discussion of Teddy Roosevelt, for example, speaks directly to the "bitter ideological conflict between the well-entrenched principles of survival-of-the-fittest capitalism, as espoused by Herbert Spencer earlier in the century, and the precepts of industrial socialism that had more recently washed ashore on the continuing flood tide of immigration from Central Europe." Meanwhile, those enshrined in Kiernan's Industrial Hall of Fame include Ben Franklin, Eli Whitney, Robert Fulton, Francis Cabot Lowell, De Witt Clinton, Peter Cooper, Cyrus McCormick, Samuel Morse, Elias Howe, Charles Goodyear, Richard Hoe, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thomas Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, John Roebling, Henry Ford, and David Sarnoff. His discussions are notable for his ability to extract the most salient contributions of each to American history, and at the same time to make us aware of their human struggle. (Yes, even Commodore Vanderbilt had a heart.) Admirably, he is able to work on the social, industrial, and political levels almost simultaneously. Finally, Mr. Kiernan closes with the following caveat: "It was not the sociologist, the economist, the political scientist, the statistician, the technocrat, or the bureaucrat who built the America of material plenitude. It was the country's unique breed of inventors, creative technicians, engineers, and, yes, financiers. And it is that very breed the country has grown progressively short of." All this fine book lacks is a bibliography.

PHILLIP CORWIN

MARTEL & CARUSO

(Continued from page 35)

targeted mountain. If the missile was caught on the wrong side of the mountain it would have to destroy the entire mountain to damage the MX-missile silo. Even the highest-yield nuclear

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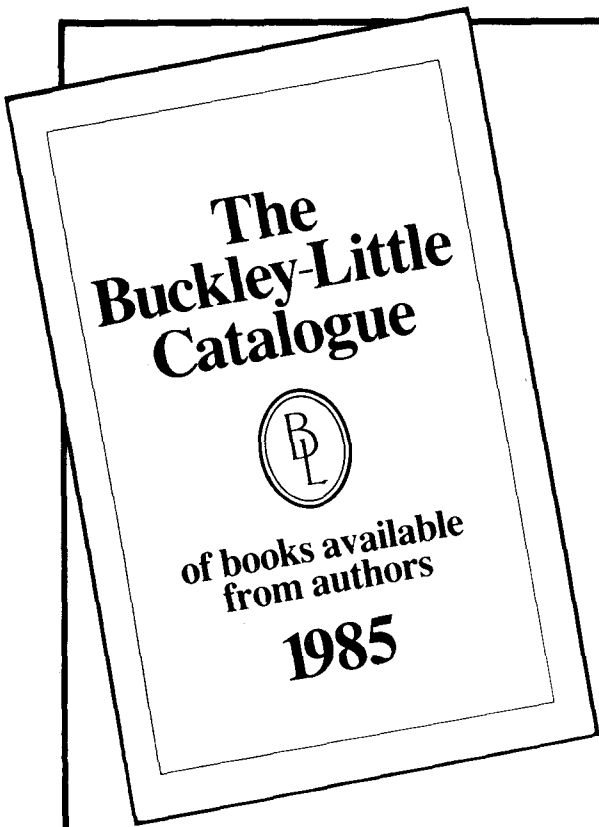
warheads in the Soviet ICBM force do not have this level of power. If the attacking RV landed on any of the other faces of the mountain, the silo would be partially protected from the blast. Even if the Soviet missile did land on the proper side of the mountain, it probably would not be accurate enough in terms of CEP (circular error probable—the radius of the circle in which the RVs are expected to land 50 per cent of the time) to destroy the MX. While a CEP of two hundred yards, for example, would be more than adequate to destroy a silo based in flat terrain (e.g., the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming), it might be insufficient in mountainous terrain because a missile's CEP is, in effect, increased in direct proportion to the slope of a hill it hits.

Another advantage of mountainous terrain in the case of a nuclear attack is the phenomenon known as *warhead deflection*. One of the most dramatic and immediate effects of a nuclear explosion is dynamic overpressure. A nuclear warhead detonated over flat terrain creates a pressure wave shaped like a crescent with the center of the wave being the point of detonation. In a mountain valley, the pressure wave would be complex, irregular, and overlapping owing to reverberations and deflections. Follow-on RVs encountering this powerful, unpredictable atmospheric backlash would have increased difficulty reaching their targets—their course might be altered or redirected entirely. The coordinated launch of a closely knit group of missiles in an effort to slip through to the targets before pressure waves had time to form would be frustrated both by the intricacies of timing such an attack and by the multiplied probability of missile fratricide. The factor of warhead deflection, then, would cause the Soviets to destroy their own missiles.

Perhaps the most significant advantage of the White Mountain plan is the great number of American lives it might save. The radioactive fallout from explosions over ICBM fields in the Midwest and West would be carried by prevailing winds across more than half of the United States, contaminating two-thirds of all American cities and killing an estimated ten to forty million people. If the missiles were deployed in New Hampshire, however, the nuclear fallout would be swept directly into the Atlantic Ocean, where it would dissipate without touching a single major city.

Aside from the paramount importance of saving tens of millions of American lives (a staggering thought in itself), the United States would also enjoy a strategic freedom not possible under present circumstances. Instead of being forced to commit valuable missiles to retaliatory strikes against Soviet cities for the sole purpose of equalizing civilian casualties (a dangerous game of nuclear escalation to get into), the U.S. would retain the option of using its forces against Soviet military targets.

The United States has suffered through countless cases of military neglect and strategic irrationality. If we are to have the MX, let us do it right. Although the White Mountain plan is presented here in a highly simplified form, it is clear that this is a viable option for basing the MX missile. Beyond that, the new plan represents a clever response to a sticky and crucial problem—an encouraging, high-tech example of Yankee ingenuity (the White Mountain plan is equally applicable to the problem of the currently homeless Midgetman missiles). Because the MX's value resides principally in its basing mode, the White Mountain plan may be the most significant contribution yet to making it a useful part of our nuclear arsenal. □



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CARE PACKAGE TO MOSCOW

NEW YORK, MAY 31

HERE IS the kind of thing that happens to you when you get involved in politics. Brace yourself:

—In 1983, Congress sets up something called the National Endowment for Democracy. Never mind for the moment whether it was a good idea, but let's at least suppose that it is an organization designed to praise democratic practices and to stimulate in non-democratic countries an appetite for democracy.

—The Association of American Publishers, which is what you think it is, sets up something called the International Freedom to Publish Committee. It is charged with occupying a stall or two at the annual Moscow Book Fair, so it addresses itself to the question: What books shall we include in the American catalogue?

—The National Endowment for Democracy steps forward and says: Here is $50,000 toward the $100,000 or so you need to consummate your Moscow operation. Go ahead and select books that illustrate the diversity of publishing in America, as also "the strength of its democratic institutions."

—The publishers set up a committee to select the books, and they name as its head Kurt Vonnegut. The name conjures up, of course, a writer highly talented, highly imaginative, and very much at odds with American foreign policy, in particular our policy of maintaining a nuclear deterrent force.

—The Vonnegut committee reports in with a list of 313 books. A draft of the list is examined by Carl Gershman, the head of the National Endowment for Democracy. He writes to the head publisher and says, Hey, this is not a representative list. I'm not suggesting you cut out any of the books nominated by the Vonnegut committee, but I am suggesting that you add some books that will communicate to the Soviet readers daring enough to visit the American booth that there are actually a few American scholars and writers around who agree with such programs as Star Wars, such stands as nuclear deterrence.

—The publishers' representative raises his hands in horror: Go away, he says to Gershman. The very thought of inspecting the list looking for balance sounds to me like censorship. Keep it up and they will bury you in Bitburg. I demand an apology before we publishers will even deign to accept the balance due on your $50,000 grant.

—Whereupon Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who has written five books that are better than fifty listed in the catalogue, none of which five is among the nominees, gets up on the floor of the Senate and says the craziest thing said on the floor of the Senate this, well, this month. He demands that Mr. Gershman apologize to the publishers for "saying that the list was ideologically unbalanced." Now that is on the order of apologizing to the Arab states for suggesting that their policies are anti-Israel. The list is unquestionably unbalanced. A single reference point is sufficient to demonstrate this: Whereas Henry Kissinger's monumental and monumentally important memoirs are not listed, Seymour Hersh's criticisms of Kissinger for everything from the fall of Adam to the assassination of Sadat are included. Mr. Vonnegut defended his list on the grounds that whatever failures there are in it are failures owing to "fatigue and resignation." One is surprised he didn't say, "fatigue and resignation owing to the cold war and the certitude of violent death for the whole planet."

THEY ARE ALL NOW yammering about how it is impossible to come forward with a balanced list of books. Oh? Why? Doctors come out with balanced diets, portfolio managers come out with balanced investments, deans go to work and come out with balanced curricula. Why can't scholars and writers come out with balanced reading lists that deal, say, with defense policy, with the Vietnam War, with the life of Lyndon Johnson? Granted it would be hard to come out with a balanced reading list on the policies of the Soviet Union, unless you define balance as that position which lies halfway between the *Daily World*'s and NATIONAL REVIEW's. But Lincoln warned us against that kind of balance, did he not?

Senator Moynihan has fought ardently in the Senate to support the National Endowment for Democracy. And presumably his goal in asking it to apologize is to snuff out the controversy. But there ought to be controversy when people engage in so ostentatiously tendentious an act as the Vonnegut committee engaged in. And also a little controversy when someone who behaved so proudly when he served in the United Nations criticizing hypocrisy, asks an apology of Carl Gershman for telling the truth. □

TULIPLAND

NEW YORK, MAY 27

ON THE whole business of "liberal sex laws," as we have come to call them, the reception given to Pope John Paul II in Holland last week tells us really quite a lot.

The prevailing point of view among some very sophisticated people is not to be taken lightly: It holds that human beings have myriad appetites, that the satisfaction of those appetites is nothing much more than an expression of corporal needs. And that under the circumstances, religion properly devotes itself to promoting and rewarding charity, rather than outlawing and condemning concupiscence. The point is not by any means idle. There are drunks and lechers in this world who are better Christians than some teetotaling celibates.

But what happened in Holland reminds one of the lengths to which people can go in pursuit of a more or less official benediction of loose moral conduct.

Now the Low Countries, like Scandinavia, are commonly accepted as perhaps the acme of twentieth-century civilization. Educated Dutchmen, which is to say most Dutchmen, can talk to you in French, Flemish, English, and German. They are widely read, and cosmopolitan in outlook. So is it in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. And yet the Dutch last week showed themselves in some respects more savage than any other country visited by the Pope during his tenure, including countries in which illiteracy is common, women go about barebreasted, and superstition is rife. In Holland, the *New York Times* reported, "the violence was the worst in any of the Pope's 26 foreign journeys. In one incident, protestors threw rocks and bottles at the Pope's car. At least eight people were injured, including three policemen, and 14 were arrested."

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Oh, but against men of God there are worse forms of violence than those expressed by the throwing of rocks. "In Amsterdam," the *Washington Post* reports, "about 150 young people dressed as nuns and monks hung the Pope in effigy on a mock scaffolding in Dam Square, once a celebrated gathering place for drug users." Another reporter referred to "opponents of the Vatican's ban on artificial birth control [who] released hundreds of helium-filled condoms into the air." A radio announcer reported that traveling down one street, the Pope had been "mooned," which term, unknown to most nice people, means that some people lowered their trousers and bared their posteriors to the Pope. Since you can't do that and simultaneously use the fico, other bystanders resorted to it, which term, also unknown to most nice people, means that you face the object of obloquy, keep all of your other fingers lowered, and raise the middle finger erect.

We must assume that these ladies and gentlemen are Catholics, because, after all, it is not the business of members of one denomination what are the disciplines maintained by another denomination. No Catholic properly resents the ban on eating pork enforced by Orthodox Jews. But would non-Orthodox Jews in New York move ostentatiously munching huge hot dogs in the way of a procession led by one of the chief rabbis of Israel? Let alone walk with balloons depicting uncircumcised male members?

It is always arresting, and sad, when one sees a great lot of people acting as one might expect savages to act. Professor Steven Marcus wrote a resonant book some years ago called *The Other Victorians*, in which he made the point that beneath the prudish façade of Victorianism was a whole lot of wild and ungoverned lust. But the point, surely, isn't that Victorianism can't anaesthetize lust. It is that self-control in public circumstances is necessary to maintain a civilized, let alone a democratic, ethos. The Dutch show a violent strain, as when squatters all but kept Queen Beatrix from being invested in 1980. Today, they show themselves as philistines, capable of grotesque conduct: men and women, many of them self-evidently unqualified to enter into civil discourse, whose judgments condone violence, crudity, and sacrilege.

Does that have a bearing on laws that govern sexual mores? A leading woman Catholic dissenter, departing from her text, asked in the presence of the Pope, "If we exclude rather than make room for unmarried people living together, divorced people, homosexuals, married priests and women," can Catholicism be credible? The Pope was not situated to answer the question, but had he been he'd have said, surely, that Catholicism makes room for sinners, but declines to make room for sin. That the Church has machinery that accommodates the broken marriage, but also machinery that sustains the marriage vow. How painful, last week, to have been Dutch. □

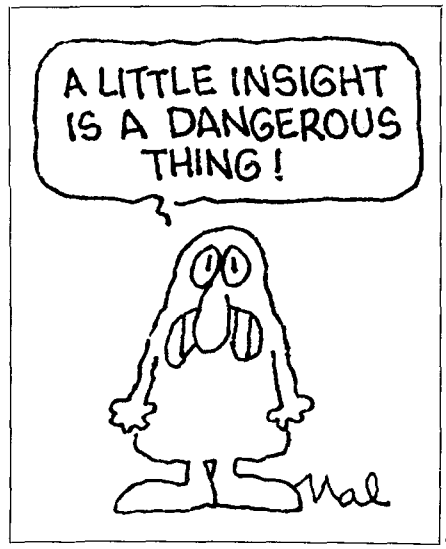
WHAT TO DO WITH THAYER?

NEW YORK, JUNE 4

AT LEAST in the matter of Paul Thayer, unlike E. F. Hutton, there was someone there of flesh and blood to stare at. He had a wife at hand, family, friends, indeed very influential friends. Barry Goldwater wrote a letter about him that Moses would have been flattered to receive. Still, the judge gave him four years in jail. This is both good, and bad.

Good in the obvious sense. Affluent, pedigreed, public-service-minded lawbreakers are in the eyes of the law simply lawbreakers, never mind if back then they earned a Congressional Medal of Honor, or if back then they headed up the Community Chest Drive, or prevented a ship from hitting the rocks. Paul Thayer learned the plans of a company of whose intimate corporate workings he had personal knowledge, so he told a few friends to buy Company X. The crime consists in encouraging these insiders to go to the marketplace and buy stock, if necessary nudging it up a little to entice the owner marginally interested in selling. And—the law holds quite plausibly—in effect stealing the profit that would otherwise have gone to existing owners when the stock zooms up on publication of the good news.

But having described it as larcenously as possible, one asks, Does it really make sense to send Paul Thayer to jail? It makes sense to do so only from a very limited perspective, which is to satisfy muggers that guilty tycoons also pay a penalty. Having satisfied the criminal community that corporate bigwigs are not outside the law, one is still left asking the question: Is this a useful way to get social recompense from Paul Thayer?



There has been a lot of this kind of thing lately. E. F. Hutton, we learn, made something like $8 million by the relatively simple matter of timing withdrawals and deposits so as to cause just a little teeny-weeny delay to take place between the withdrawal and the corresponding deposit. This is called the float. The float can be both legal and wonderfully profitable. When you buy an American Express traveler's check for $100, you will average three months or so before cashing that check, and during that period American Express is getting quite rich, thank you, and not violating any law. Another one? This isn't illegal, but it isn't quite ethical, either. The corner bookstore needs credit from mighty Doubleday & Co., so it orders one thousand copies of Arthur Hailey's new book, knowing it can't possibly sell more than fifty. The books arrive on Monday. On Tuesday, the bookstore returns 950 copies of the book to Doubleday, claiming credit—with which it proceeds to buy other Doubleday books. But you see, it is claiming credit for books it won't be billed for until the end of the month. That is kiting, it isn't illegal, but, well, if St. Peter asked you why you ordered a thousand books knowing you would sell only fifty, you would probably take the Fifth Amendment.

RALPH NADER, whose interest is almost exclusively in corporate crime and who sometimes sounds as if corporations were congenitally criminal, wants tougher sentences for E. F. Hutton types. And so do I. But these sentences should be imaginative. Charles Colson, with his Prison Fellowship program, has been writing and talking about the problem for years. Suppose that Paul Thayer were made to do janitorial work in the Pentagon, over which he very nearly presided until recently. Isn't that a concrete enough form of punishment? One could, if looking for still more teeth to put into it, forbid him to go to public places, so that he couldn't, let's say, leave the Pentagon at noon for his lunch hour, and go to a regular table at, say, the Hay-Adams for lunch.

There are two purposes in putting men behind bars. The first idea is to confine them so that they cannot do more hurt to others. The second is to punish, inasmuch as people tend to want to go wherever the spirit moves them. The first is not a social problem where Paul Thayer is concerned. He will not mug, on his way to pick up his mop at the Pentagon. The second design of the law—to punish—is being done, every day, in those long Pentagon hallways, kept clean by Paul Thayer and the senior partners of E. F. Hutton. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. State in northern Mexico — 147 100 166 11 125 88 62 109 45

B. *Washington Post*, et al. — 138 183 32 55 89 70 113 8 22

C. Bedwear — 24 92 189 103 65 176 3 167 44

D. Keypuncher's work station — 68 145 84 104 2 135 38

E. Pilot's concern — 168 151 119 174 42 67 96 54

F. Member of the family — 73 185 90 107 158 20

G. Spent — 146 182 28 99

H. Fido's favorite golf hole — 121 144 31 186 80 18

I. Official sanction — 154 63 40 114 187 179 74 128 16 141 93

J. Newborn robin's status — 164 86 19 105 5 60 140 172

K. That which cannot be uttered — 112 170 9 159 51 129 66 34 85

L. Noted Bunker — 161 155 29 116 81

M. Part of a bodybuilder's workout — 162 52 133 14 152 175 27

N. How a good tailor's clothing should be — 50 4 163 181 72 123 150 33

O. Chinese breed of dog—but don't eat it! — 46 157 25 102

P. Swatted — 79 132 26

Q. Else — 43 136 148 23 78 58 1 110 95

R. TEND REEL (anagram) — 53 117 35 180 87 10 160 131

S. What the bruised apple did — 47 108 177 126 21 83

T. A relative of Comanche — 169 69 178 49 15 115 130 101

U. Insomniac's favorite kind of club (2 words) — 122 75 94 106 142 56 173 41 184 7

V. One of Swift's brutes — 39 64 153 124 91

W. Ear — 97 156 13 139 71 36 127 57 188

X. New Testament book — 143 12 171 76 37 120 59

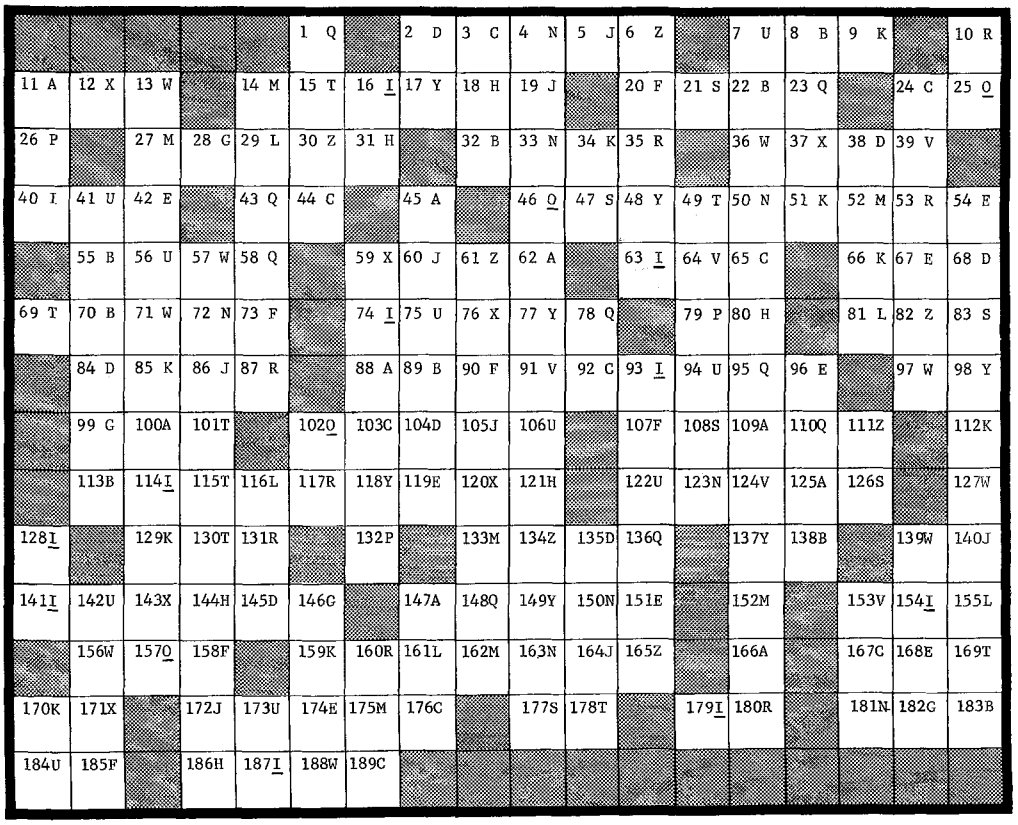
Y. Baltic "republic" of the USSR — 77 118 98 48 17 149 137

Z. Rendered void — 30 111 165 82 61 134 6

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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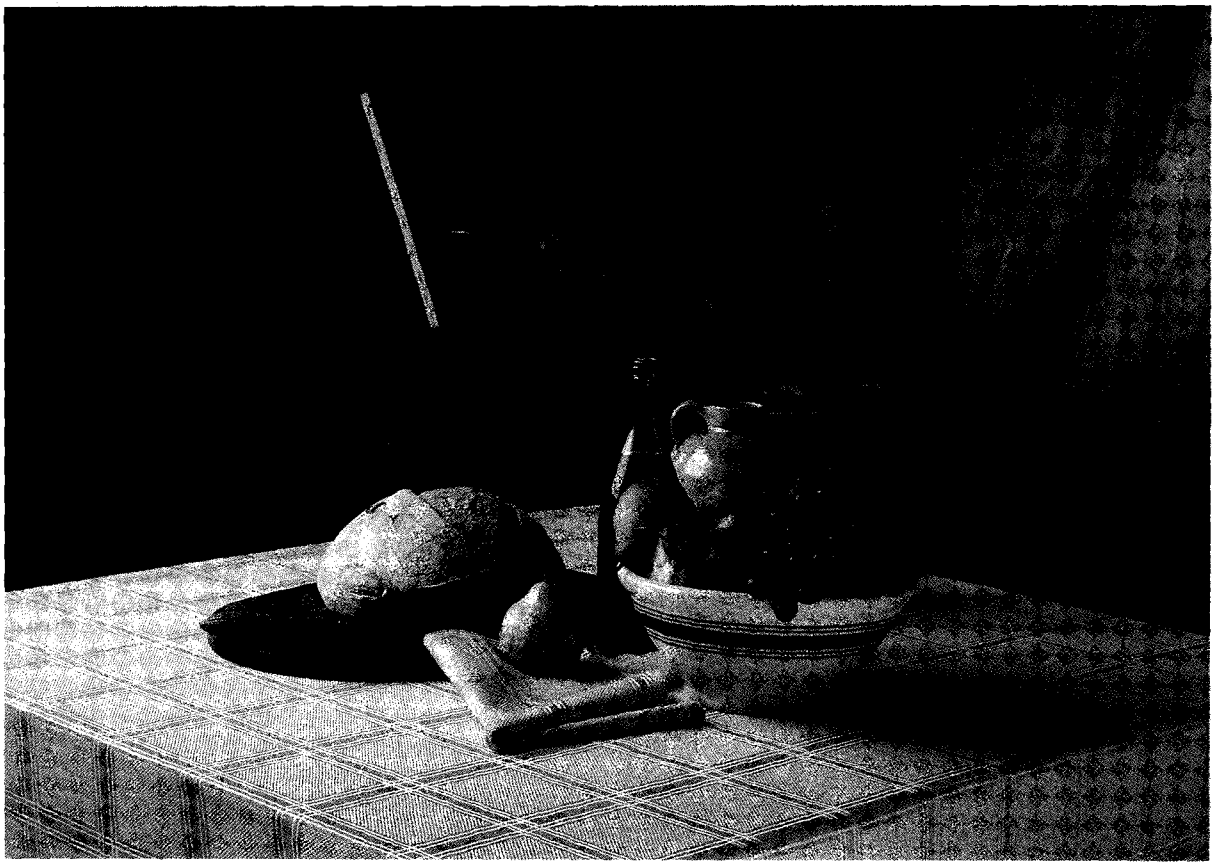

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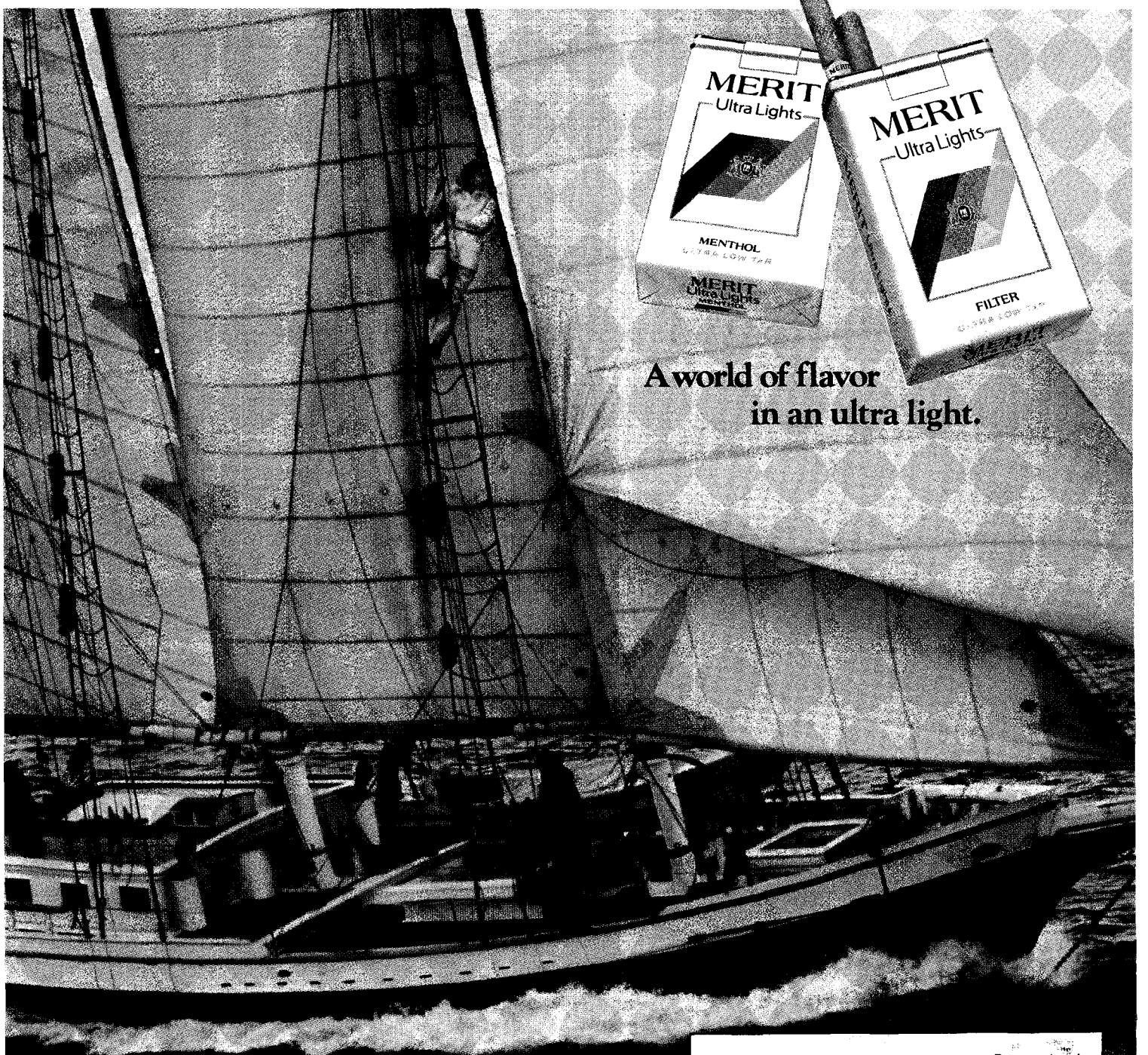

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